THE FOX TERRIER.

RAWDON B. LEE.

SECOND EDITION.

W. R. TRAVERS

Acquired 1982

The Gift of

H. J. Peters Jr

Dogs Let

THE FOX TERRIER.

OLD JOCK. GRIEVE NETTLE. TARTAR.

A

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION,

WITH

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

FOX-TERRIER.

BY

HUTCHINSON LEE,

AUTHOR OF "THE FIELD."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WARDLE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
HORACE COX,
"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

1890.

A

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION,

WITH

REMINISCENCES,

OF THE

FOX TERRIER.

BY

RAWDON LEE,

KENNEL EDITOR OF "THE FIELD."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WARDLE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

HORACE COX,

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

1890.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HORACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

ALTHOUGH so early a demand has been made for the publication of a second edition, I have taken the opportunity thus afforded to considerably extend the work. The additions will, I believe, be found interesting to the admirer of the fox terrier, and I hope they may in the future prove of some little value to the historian of this favourite little dog. Two of the larger engravings, those of the smooth-coated Vesuvienne and of the wire-haired Carlisle Tyro, have been replaced by others of the same dogs. These are not only excellent as portraits of the terriers they represent, but as typical representatives of their varieties. The latter, I fancy, they will remain for years to come, changes in type and fashion notwithstanding.

RAWDON LEE.

BRIXTON, LONDON,
February, 1890.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

A VOLUME such as this purports to be, devoted to a variety of terrier, would twenty years ago have been considered altogether superfluous. Now, in 1889, so popular have dogs grown, and such attention is given them, that a book which in its entirety tells of the variety most popular of all—the Fox Terrier, as he has been and as he is—becomes, as it were, one of the necessities of the day. And so I was requested to do the best I could in the matter.

The result of my labours is given in the following pages, and if the reader fails to find any novelty therein, he will, at any rate, have a *résumé* of the history of the smooth-coated and wire-haired fox terriers, and some few trifling scraps of information that have not hitherto appeared in print.

That this little dog does actually possess a status in society may be inferred from the fact that, in addition to a monthly journal (*The Fox Terrier Chronicle*) to look after its interests, there are a number of special clubs to do likewise; a parent club, with ten minor, and more or less local, institutions.

The Fox Terrier is now best known as a dog for exhibition purposes, and as a companion. This notwithstanding, I have not altogether lost sight of the purpose for which he was originally given to the world; and, believing in his courage, which I have often seen tested to the utmost by "flood and field," have endeavoured to maintain his character as a sporting dog.

The illustrations, from drawings by my friend Arthur Wardle, are, I think, thoroughly successful—the larger ones as portraits, the vignettes as ornamental and characteristic. With regard to the frontispiece, where those good old terriers, Grove Nettle, Jock, and Tartar, are depicted, the portraits are taken, in so far as the bitch is concerned, from a painting by Turner, kindly lent for the purpose by the Rev. C. T. Fisher; and with regard to the two dogs, from photographs issued at the time these celebrities were in the flesh, and invincible on the show bench. Three thorough terriers in every respect, and if somewhat unlike in type, they combine all the essentials required to perpetuate and improve a variety.

Should this little volume have a favourable reception, it is likely to be followed by others dealing in turn with the various breeds and strains of the dog as they are known in this country.

Brixton, London,
April, 1889.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Preface v

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Old Writers on Terriers—"The Fox Terrier," 1806—Value of Terriers a century ago—Colour of Fox Terriers—Their Varieties . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

Increasing Popularity—Early Shows—Old Jock, Old Tartar, Old Trap, and Grove Nettle—Disuse of the Fox Terrier with Hounds. 24

CHAPTER III.

More Notabilities—Ear Dropping and other Malpractices—Forming a Kennel—The Fox Terrier Club—Some Modern Kennels—The Best Terriers—Measurements 48

CHAPTER IV.

The Fox Terrier Club's Scale of Points—General Opinions—With Otter Hounds—Mr. Vicary's Opinion—Charley Littleworth on Terriers—Working and Training Terriers—Coursing Rabbits . . 85

CHAPTER V. Page

The Wire-haired Fox Terrier—His Gameness—Yorkshire and Devonshire Strains—The Rev. John Russell's Terriers—Crosses—The Best Dogs 107

CHAPTER VI.

Breeding and Rearing Puppies—Superfœtation—Preparing for Show—Simple Ailments—Trimming—General Remarks on Dog Shows—Conclusion 139

ADDENDA.

Rules and Officers of the Fox Terrier Club—List of Minor Clubs 156

Index 163

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page.
JOCK, GROVE NETTLE, AND TARTAR	*Frontispiece*
"WAIT UNTIL I'VE DONE." (Vignette)	x
THE FOX TERRIER, 1806	15
OLD ENGLISH TERRIERS. (Vignette)	23
"A RACE FOR LIFE." (Vignette)	47
PORTRAIT OF "RESULT"	68
PORTRAIT OF "VESUVIENNE"	75
"ON THE BENCH." (Vignette)	84
"WHAT COMES NEXT?" (Vignette)	106
PORTRAIT OF "CARLISLE TACK."	124
PORTRAIT OF "CARLISLE TYRO."	131
"RATHER DOUBTFUL." (Vignette)	138
"A GUARD AT EUSTON STATION." (Vignette) ...	155
THE SLEEPY PUPPY. (Vignette)	162
"A LONG, LEAN, EVENLY MARKED HEAD." (Vignette)	180

THE FOX TERRIER.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—OLD WRITERS ON TERRIERS—"THE FOX TERRIER," 1806—THE VALUE OF TERRIERS A CENTURY AGO—COLOUR OF FOX TERRIERS—THEIR VARIETIES.

WITH the fashion changing in dogs pretty nearly as frequently as it does in dress, there is little wonder that the fox terrier of the present day has become a different animal in appearance from the one so regular an attendant with packs of hounds a century ago. Now, in nine cases out of ten, he is produced for his beauty alone, for his symmetry, for his graceful contour, for his endearing disposition. When our great-grandfathers lived, and before they were born, the fox terrier, bred for use, was only considered an ornament when he went to ground well, was able to successfully battle with the fox or the badger, and kill single-handed the foulmart (or polecat) and other predaceous vermin. So the fox terrier must have a history; possibly, if he did not contain at any rate some little portion of blue blood, some aristocratic lineage, one of his charms as a smart and lively companion might be missing.

When the learned Dr. Caius, in the year 1570, wrote what he knew about a terrier, the little quadruped had his home in the kennels of those days, sheds, in fact, where his bed was often filthy straw, and his food any scraps he might filch from the more important hounds. The latter were fairly well fed, especially when a cow sickened and died, or a horse in the locality of the kennels broke a leg, but the little terrier had in nine cases out of ten to look out for himself, and usually bore a bad reputation. He was said to bite and be cantankerous, subject to mange, and only a fit companion for the stable-boy or the feeder. That he was not exterminated by all the ill-treatment he had suffered for generations is surprising, and proof positive of his hardihood—a survival of the fittest indeed.

How the fox terrier was first produced we have nothing but mere supposition to determine; that there have been varieties of terriers of one kind and another for many hundreds of years no one doubts. The Chinese have had terriers possibly longer than we in this country have possessed ours. The former had the credit of eating theirs; our forefathers preferred using them for a different purpose. However, if the Chinese gentry did prefer dogs as food, the Tartars, their near neighbours, treated their terriers better; and, no doubt, amongst the five thousand hounds, Marco Polo, writing in the thirteenth century, tells us, the Grand Khan kept, there would be at least a few terriers, for there were many varieties; and even then many of the nobility in the East preferred to talk of their hounds rather than of politics, just as is the case at the present day with some of our country squires. Small dogs as pets and companions were known

amongst the Egyptians. Empresses have caressed them on their knees long before Great Britain had become a mighty power in the world. Civilisation could afford to keep such luxuries which semi-barbarity could not. As our civilisation increased, the huge, savage dogs which our conquerors imported to the Roman arena were allowed to languish, and the fierce mastiff gave place to the more gentle hound, followed by the spaniel, and later by the pet dogs and little terriers. By selection the latter could easily be manufactured even then. At the present time, any person with the taste and inclination so to do could produce a new variety of dog, say in ten years. No wonder then, that at the present time so many of them are distributed throughout the universe. Possibly in England there are more than in any other country, not excepting even America, whose citizens have of late years emulated us in their admiration of these favoured little quadrupeds.

That gallant lady, Dame Juliana Berners, with whose quaint and early treatise on angling most devotees of Izaak Walton are well acquainted, discoursed with equal ability upon hunting and cognate subjects. In that portion of the "Book of St. Albans" dealing with venerie, and which was published in 1486, some ten years or so before the angling addition was made, the terrier is only casually alluded to, for the reason, no doubt, that the wild boar and the stag were far ahead in the estimation of the hunter than the fox—even the hare in those days received more attention as a quarry than reynard. One would very much like to have heard what the Abbess of Sopewell said of her terriers—"teroures" they were called—and how she worked them.

Earlier, however, than the time of Dame Berners, an allusion to terriers is found in a fourteenth century manuscript, quoted by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes," and from which he reproduces an engraving. This is an illustration of three men, who, assisted by a dog and spades, are "unearthing a fox." The colour of the dog is not ascertainable, nor can I make sure that it has been underground, for the fox is only in part out of the hole, and the terrier (or whatever variety the dog may be) is springing on to his prey from a little rising ground immediately behind. Possibly a second terrier is out of sight in the earth. Two of the hunters are in the act of digging, whilst the third is vigorously blowing a horn. It may be interesting to state that in the original engraving this terrier possesses a long, narrow head, not unlike that of the greyhound in shape, his tail is long and uncut, he is smooth-coated and has erect ears. Blaine in his "Rural Sports" reproduces the picture, and, with a liberty that is quite inexcusable, converts the terrier into a wire-haired or long-coated one, white in colour and with a dark patch over one eye. He also attempts to make the original manuscript of greater antiquity than is actually the case by describing the picture as "Saxons bolting a fox."

No doubt, at any rate so far as the British Isles are concerned, this record which the learned Strutt has given us is the oldest upon which any reliance can be placed. Some may say that the dog given is not a terrier, but I believe that the picture is intended to represent such a terrier as might be the common dog at that time. It is little bigger than the fox upon which it would like to seize, and the general surroundings of the quaint picture are altogether in favour of my supposition.

We must now, hunter-like, jump over all obstacles and many years, until the time when Dr. Caius wrote, nearly a century later than Juliana Berners. He, "a doctor of Phisicke in the Universitie of Cambridge and a man "exceeding skilled and sagacious in the investigation of recondite matters," wrote the first book on "Englishe Dogges" in Latin, and one Abraham Fleming made the translation, which he dedicated to the Dean of Ely. Rychard Johnes printed the same in 1576, and sold it "over against St. Sepulchres Church without Newgate." In 1880 Mr L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, London, reprinted the scarce volume in modern form, and such no doubt is the reason why "A Treatisse of Englishe Dogges" has so often been quoted.

After telling us that all English dogs "be either of a gentle kind, serving the game, a homely kind, apt for sundry necessary uses, a currish kind, meet for many toys," Dr Caius describes the varieties of hounds as known in his day, and then proceeds to tell us of the class with which we have at present to do This is "of a dogge called terrar, in Latin Terrarius." Of him the old writer says, "Another sorte there is which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Greye onely, whom we call Terrars, because they (after the manner and custome of ferrets in searching for Connyes) creep into the grounde, and by that meanes make afrayde, nyppe and bite the Foxe and the Badger in such sorte that eyther they teare them in pieces with theyr teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of theyr lurking angles, darke dongeons, and close caues; or at the least through cocened feare drive them out of theire hollow harbours, in so much that they are compelled to prepare speedie flyte,

and, being desirous of the next (albeit not the safest) refuge, are otherwise taken and intrapped with snayres and nettes layde over holes to the same purpose. But these be the least in that kynde called Sagax." Here, though quaintly written, is a description of the use a fox terrier ought to be put to at the present day, although setting nets before a fox earth would scarcely be called legitimate sport in the nineteenth century. Still, if a net is not used for foxes, its equivalent in a huge sack is often enough, even now, found useful when the "badger or graye" be sought.

What Gervase Markham wrote about terriers early in 1600 is not of much account, for, however learned that great man might be, he was after all a mere bookmaker, as the numerous works he wrote plainly testify. Not satisfied with giving us elegant disquisitions on hunting, archery, and other sports, he wrote and filled volume after volume on military tactics, housewifery, heraldry, &c., and wound up by composing poems, and posing as a dramatist.

Nicholas Cox's well-known book, "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1677, gives us less information about the terriers of that day than one would have expected. He describes them as of two sorts—one with legs more or less crooked, with short coats; the others, straighter on their legs, and with long jackets. Possibly the first-named were the ordinary turnspits, or, may be, some bold breeder of the Dandie Dinmont will lay claim to them as the original progenitors of that variety of vermin terrier. Anyhow, whatever these crooked-legged dogs were, the long-coated ones "with shaggy hair," like water spaniels, were said to be the best workers, because they could both chase their

game above ground and drive it from the earths, as occasion required. Other authors have followed much in the same strain; indeed, the general description of the terrier about this time appears to have been copied by one writer after another without acknowledgment, and without taking any trouble to ascertain the truth of the original statement. Master Cox, especially, seems to have been a great offender in this respect—not only where he deals with dogs, but where he treats of the fishes likewise. Thus, whether it be worth while to allude to him and contemporary writers is quite a matter of opinion. Hugh Dalziel in his book, "British Dogs," says that Cox plagiarised his descriptions from early French writers, and if he did, and Mr. Dalziel gives reasonable proofs of the truth of his assertion, it is likely enough that some of the terriers described by Nicholas Cox were either a variety of dachshund or of basset hound, various strains of which, of almost all sizes, shapes, colours, and textures of coat, have for centuries been common enough on the continent.

The writer who suggested that terriers could be bred from a cross between a "mongrel mastiff and a beagle" was Blome, who, following the example of Cox, some years after the latter's publication—viz., in 1686—rendered himself famous by the appearance of his "The Gentleman's Recreation." Whether a man who would suggest the production of suitable terriers by the above cross was the proper person to deal with sport and dogs from a practical point of view is surely to be doubted. He bore but a sorry character in his lifetime, for it was said he "was esteemed as a most impudent person; . . . he gets a livelihood by bold practices . . . originally a ruler of books and paper, who had since practiced for divers

years progging tricks, in employing necessitous persons to write in several arts." Blome's description may, however, be interesting to the curious, so here it is. "The terrier is a very small dog, used for hunting the fox and the badger, his business being to go into the earths and bay them—that is, to keep them in an angle (a fox's earth having divers) whilst they are dug out, for by their baying or barking is known whereabouts the fox is, that he may be the better dug out. And for this use the terrier is very serviceable, being of an admirable scent to find out. A couple of terriers are commonly used, in order that a fresh one may be put in to relieve that which first went under ground." Of course, there is nothing wrong in the above, nor is there in the following extract from the same author: "Everybody that is a fox hunter is of opinion that he hath a good breed, and some will say that the terrier is a peculiar species of itself. I shall not say anything to the affirmative or negative of the point." Blome concludes by saying that the cross already mentioned "generally proves good; the result thereof hath courage and a thick skin as participating of the cur, and is mouthed for the beagle." Whatever was the case during the seventeenth century, there is no doubt that now the "terrier is a peculiar species of itself," careful and judicious selection during a series of generations having made it as much so as any other quadruped we possess. A thick skin is quite as useful a commodity in the canine as it is in the human race, but the old writer is scarcely complimentary when he attributes that quality as a distinctive feature of the "cur." The latter must not be taken as the colley or sheep dog, by which name the former is known at the present time in many parts of the country,

but rather as a cross-bred, hardy animal, one not to be dismayed by hard bites or blows and the bitterness of the elements. Nor of necessity need such dogs be mongrels, the latter, no doubt, coming under the application of "dunghill dogs," as used by Dame Juliana Berners in her "Book of St. Albans."

In the "Compleate Sportsman" (1718), Jacobs, again, mentions two sorts of terriers, which he describes pretty much as Nicholas Cox had done before him, so a repetition thereof need not be made here; and, although one modern writer believes that the fox terrier was manufactured within the present quarter of a century, no further proof need be given than has so far appeared in these pages, that such terriers have been common in England for, at any rate, ten times twenty-five years. In fact, with the country overrun as it was in those days, with four-footed vermin of all kinds, which destroyed the poultry and played sad havoc with the flocks, dogs of one kind or another to keep down the marauders were simply a necessity. And a terrier small enough to drag the fox from his earth, or kill him therein, was found the most useful for the purpose. So long as he could do this, appearance and colour were not much taken into consideration.

About 1760, Daniel, in his "Field Sports," goes a little out of the beaten track in writing on the terriers of his day, and his description must be taken as a correct one, made from the animals themselves, of which it has been said that author kept a considerable number. "There are two sorts of terriers," said he, "the one rough, short-legged, long-backed, very strong, and most commonly of a black or yellowish colour, mixed with

white; the other is smooth-haired and beautifully formed, having a shorter body and more sprightly appearance, is generally of a reddish-brown colour, or black with tanned legs. Both these sorts are the determined foe of all the vermin kind, and in their encounters with the badger very frequently meet with severe treatment, which they sustain with great courage, and a thoroughbred, well-trained terrier often proves more than a match for his opponent." Here we have terriers written of as thoroughbred, so, although they are not particularly mentioned in connection with the fox, there is no doubt that they were oftener used in his earths than in the badger's den.

Perhaps, as a matter of completeness, before dealing, as it were, collectively, with the authorities, and the various sporting publications which first saw the light during the first fifteen years of the present century, attention may specially be given to the "Cynographia Britannica," written by Sydenham Edwards, and published in 1800. He describes our terriers more fully than previous writers, but much in the same strain. His note about the so-called "Tumbler" is specially interesting and valuable.

After giving us the origin of the name of the dog, Edwards proceeds to say, "That from the evidence of Ossian's poems the terrier appears to have been an original native of this island. Linnæus says it was introduced upon the continent so late as the reign of Frederick I. (this would be towards the end of the seventeenth century). It is doubtless the Vertagris or Tumbler of Raii and others. Raii says it used stratagem in taking its prey, some say tumbling and playing until it came near enough to seize. This supposed quality, so natural to the cat race, when applied to the dog I consider a mere

fable; but it has led to a strange error—later naturalists having, from Raii's description, concluded a dog of valuable and extraordinary properties was entirely lost. The most distinct varieties are the crooked-legged and straight-legged; their colours generally black, with tanned legs and muzzles, a spot of the same colour over each eye; though they are sometimes reddish fallow or white and pied. The white kind have been in request of late years. The ears are short, some erect, others pendulous; these and part of the tail are usually cut off; some rough and some smooth-haired. Many sportsmen prefer the wire-haired, supposing them to be the harder biters, but this is not always the case. . . . The terrier is querulous, fretful, and irascible, high spirited and alert when brought into action; if he has not unsubdued perseverance like the bulldog, he has rapidity of attack, managed with art and sustained with spirit; it is not what he will bear, but what he will inflict. His action protects himself, and his bite carries death to his opponents; he dashes into the hole of the fox, drives him from his recesses, or tears him to pieces in his stronghold; and he forces the reluctant, stubborn badger into light. As his courage is great, so is his genius extensive; he will trace with the foxhounds, hunt with the beagle, find for the greyhound, or beat with the spaniel. Of wild cats, martens, polecats, weasels, and rats, he is the vigilant and determined enemy; he drives the otter from the rocky clefts on the banks of the rivers, nor declines the combat in a new element." Here is an excellent character, and no wonder with such a one the fox terrier was, even in 1800, on the highway to the extraordinary popularity he is enjoying at the present time.

As he was known then and a couple of centuries earlier, the reader must not expect to find a shapely, handsomely marked animal like the one of the present day. Possibly any little dog that "Caius, the profound clerk and ravenous devourer of learning," had running at his heels was black or brown coloured, long-bodied, on short legs, the latter may be more or less crooked; and, if he were produced by a cross between "the mongrel mastiff and the beagle," his weight might be nearer 40lb. than 15lb., the latter no doubt the most useful size for underground purposes. But old pictures of terriers dating back 300 years illustrate mongrel-looking creatures, some of them bearing more or less the distinctive characteristic of the turnspit. Others show a considerable trace of hound blood, but not one, so far as the writer has come across, is hound marked, or bears any more white than is usually found on the chest or feet of any dog. Mr. J. A. Doyle, a well-known admirer of the fox terrier, and who contributed the article thereon to "The Book of the Dog," first published in 1881, says that when in Vienna he noticed a painting of fruit, flowers, &c., with a dog in the foreground, which, to all intents and purposes, was a specimen of the fox terrier of the present day, both in colour and general shape. The artist whose work the painting was, bears the somewhat English name of Hamilton, and flourished about a century and three-quarters ago. The dictionaries, however, say he was a Dutch painter. No earlier picture than this has been found containing anything approaching the white and hound marked fox terrier.

The Earl of Monteith over 200 years ago had an excellent strain of terriers, good at vermin of all kinds, but especially useful as fox killers. It has been said that

James I. possessed some of these little dogs. That this sometimes called "most unkingly of monarchs" kept hounds is a matter of history, but whether he worked the terriers to assist them we are not told. Long before James's time dogs had been found useful in conjunction with nets for the purpose of catching foxes, also to kill them as vermin, and possibly terriers were first used as fox terriers under such circumstances. The wardrobe accounts of Edward I. show the following entries: "Anno 1299 and 1300. Paid to William de Foxhunte the King's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys to take care of the dogs, £9. 3s." "Paid to the same for the keep of 12 dogs belonging to the King," &c. "Paid the same for the expense of a horse to carry the nets."

However, perhaps more to the purpose than this extract, is the copy of an old engraving which lies before me at the present time, entitled "James I., Hawking." A better title would perhaps have been "James I., a swell or masher of the period," for his royal highness is sadly overdressed. Fawning at the feet of the monarch are four dogs, evidently terriers, though some persons might consider them beagles. They are certainly terrier-shaped in heads and sterns, though the dog most distinctly shown is hound marked, and possesses larger ears than the others. One in the corner, evidently almost or quite white, possesses what at the present time would be called a "well-shaped, terrier-like head," and, although one ear is carried rather wide from the skull, the other drops nicely. From these four dogs a clever man could even then have produced a fair specimen of the modern fox terrier. Although so drawn as above, James, no doubt, preferred hunting to

hawking, and could not always have been the elaborately dressed creature as he appears in the engraving mentioned, for there is a story told that whilst with the hounds at Bury St. Edmunds, the royal attention was attracted by the gaudy apparel worn by one of the hunters. "Who is that?" said the king. "Sire," was the answer, "that man is named Lamb." "Ahem," replied the royal joker, "his name may be Lamb, and an appropriate one it be, for surely he has gotten a fleece upon his back."

With the commencement of the present century and towards the close of the last one, more was written about terriers, and, as useful little dogs, they were gradually becoming appreciated. Beckford alludes to black or white terriers, and from these two varieties white ones with black marks could easily be produced. The same author mentions a strain of terriers so like a fox in colour that awkward people frequently mistake the one for the other, and proceeds to say that "If you prefer Terriers to run with the pack, large ones at times are extremely useful, but in an earth they do little good, as they cannot always get up to their fox."

Between the years 1800 and 1815 an unusually large number of sporting books and works on hunting and dogs were published, all of which dealt more or less with terriers. "The Sporting Dictionary," 1803, says, "Terriers of even the best blood are now bred of all colours—red, black with tan faces, flanks, feet, and legs; brindled, sandy, some few brown pied, white pied, and pure white; as well as one sort of each colour rough and wire-haired, the other soft and smooth; and, what is rather more extraordinary, the latter not much deficient in courage to the former, but the rough breed must be

The Fox Terrier, 1806.

acknowl[illegible] and invincible biter of the two [illegible] deservedly and universally [illegible] where it can be enjoyed, those [illegible] stables of the independent are seen without [illegible] four and five guineas is no great price for a [illegible] well-bred terrier."

Here we have a description of the terrier very much as it still remains. There are the red or fawn ones which may be represented to-day by the Irish variety; the black with tan faces, &c., by the so-called Welsh terrier; and the white and white pied by the ordinary fox terrier. The latter, the handsomest, became the most popul[illegible]

[illegible] and style of this terrier, as De Wilde has drawn [illegible]

acknowledged the most severe and invincible biter of the two. Since foxhunting is so deservedly and universally popular in every country where it can be enjoyed, these faithful little animals have become so exceedingly fashionable that few stables of the independent are seen without them. Four and five guineas is no great price for a handsome, well-bred terrier."

Here we have a description of the terrier very much as he still remains. There are the red or fawn ones which may be represented to-day by the Irish variety; the black with tan faces, &c., by the so-called Welsh terrier; and the white and white pied by the ordinary fox terrier. The latter, the handsomest, became the most popular, though there is little doubt that eighty years ago the fox terrier proper was a black and tan dog. S. Elmer draws us such a one in Daniel's "Rural Sports," where a good-looking dog in every way, is going to a fox whose head is just peeping out from an earth. And, as additional proof of what a fox terrier was in 1806, we reproduce here an engraving from a mezzotint of "The Fox Terrier," from an original picture by De Wilde, published Aug. 4, 1806, by Laurie and Whittle, 53, Fleet-street, London.

This is undoubtedly a black and tan dog, somewhat ragged in his coat, which, however, though inclined to be wavy, must in reality have been as smooth as many we see to-day. He has drop ears; after the orthodox fashion of the present time, a docked tail, "good straight fore legs, fair feet, and nice bone." A terrier, about 18lb. in weight, lacking character somewhat, but bearing, in all but colour, a resemblance to the present-time dog. In some of the Buffet strains we have repeatedly seen dogs very much of the shape and style of this terrier, as De Wilde has drawn him.

The engraving, a rare one, will no doubt do something to assist us in arriving at a satisfactory decision as to the original colour of the real fox terrier.

In Bingley's "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds" (1809) two terriers are beautifully etched by Howitt. In a copy of this excellent work, now lying on my library table, the plates are coloured. One of the dogs, wire-haired, is a sort of dark blue and tan in hue, with semi-prick ears, and an uncut tail; the other, with erect ears, is smooth coated and black and tan, both rich in colour, less than 20lb. in weight each, and likely enough from their appearance to kill either fox, rat, or weasel. As a fact, the wire-haired terrier has just given the finishing shakes, which have extinguished the last sparks of life in a foulmart, whilst the smooth dog, more in the back ground, is evidently growling and snarling at his mate for having had the little bit of work all to himself. The admired author of the book says:

"This dog has its name of terrier or terrarius from its usually subterraneous employment in forcing foxes and other beasts of prey out of their dens, and, in former times, driving rabbits from their burrows (*sic*). It is generally an attendant upon every pack of foxhounds, and is the determined enemy of all kinds of vermin—such as weasels, foumarts, rats, &c. The terrier is a fierce, keen, and hardy animal, and will encounter even the badger, from which he sometimes meets with very severe treatment. A well-trained and veteran dog, however, frequently proves more than a match for that powerful animal. Some terriers are rough, and others smooth haired. They are generally reddish brown or black, of a long form, short legged, and strongly bristled about the muzzle."

For some unaccountable reason this letterpress description does not bear out the illustration, and, although either of the couple of terriers might account for a fox, or even a badger, neither would be likely to drive a rabbit out of its burrow. Terriers to do the latter would be few and far between, for, given dogs even small enough to enter an ordinary rabbit hole, they would be so weak and puny that a strong buck rabbit would be more than a match for them.

The Rev. William Daniel tells us little about fox terriers, though he recommends that when young they should not be entered to the badger, "for," he says, "they do not understand shifting like old ones, and, if good for anything, would probably go boldly up to the badger and be terribly bitten; for this reason, if possible, they should be entered to young foxes. . . . With respect to the digging of foxes which hounds run to ground, if the hole be straight and earth slight, follow it, and in following the hole, by keeping below its level, it cannot be lost; but in a strong earth it is best to let the terrier fix the fox in an angle of it, and a pit be then sunk as near to him as can be. A terrier should always be kept at the fox, who otherwise may move, and in loose ground dig himself further in; in digging keep plenty of room, and take care to throw the earth where it may not have to be moved again. Huntsmen, when near the fox, will sometimes put a hound into the earth to draw him; this answers no other purpose than to cause the dog a bad bite, which a few minutes' more labour would render unnecessary; or, if the fox must be drawn by a hound, first introduce a whip, which the fox will seize, and the hound will then draw him out more readily."

One would scarcely think such elaborate instructions were required as to how to make a fox bolt. A terrier for the purpose should, without any to-do, go right in to his game, and bark at it and worry until "red rover" finds his apartment underground too uncomfortable for occupation. There is always considerable danger in digging a fox out when the terrier is with him, especially in large earths, for rocks may be displaced, roll upon and crush the dog, or the entrance may be blocked up by stones and fallen earth, to the suffocation of everything underneath.

Although the terrier is a natural and inveterate enemy to the fox, there are times when the two will live together and feed from the same dish, and "Stonehenge" gives particulars of the two breeding together. As to how a terrier bitch suckled a vixen's cubs, Daniel gives a somewhat pathetic incident. On the last day of the season that author's hounds, hunting near Sudbury, had an extraordinarily fast run of an hour, when the fox went to ground. The terriers, owing to the pace, were left far behind, and as the master wished to blood his hounds, a terrier bitch from the village was produced, and, with another dog, drove or killed the fox, which was thrown to the pack. Whilst the operation of breaking up was progressing, one of the terriers slipped back into the earth, and in due course a bitch fox was dug out and two cubs worried underground. The mother was allowed to escape, but her three other cubs were taken and put to the terrier which had killed the first brace. The bitch took kindly enough to the little things, and suckled and attended them equally as well as her own offspring, which had been born five weeks previous to the time she adopted her foster children.

The "Sportsman's Cabinet," published in two volumes in 1803-4, two years after the first volume of Daniel's "Rural Sports" appeared, contains an engraving by Scott from a spirited painting by Reinagle. Here we have three terriers, one of which is white, with marks on his head and a patch at the set on of stern. This is a wire-haired dog, with a docked tail and erect ears, showing traces of a bull-terrier cross from the shape of the skull and in his general character. Another, evidently a white dog, is disappearing from sight in an earth, whilst the third appears to be a dark coloured dog, with a broad white collar and white marks on his muzzle; his ears are likewise erect. All will pass muster as fox terriers, and if a little wide in chest for modern fancy or prevailing fashion they are strong-jawed and appear eager for the fray.

The writer in the "Sportsman's Cabinet" (two handsome volumes, originally published at seven guineas), after alluding to the different strains of terriers, says: "The genuine and lesser breed of terrier is still preserved uncontaminate amongst the superior order of sportsmen, and constantly employed in a business in which his name, his size, his fortitude, persevering strength, and invincible ardour, all become so characteristically and truly subservient, that he may justly be said 'to labour cheerfully in his vocation;' this is in his emulous and exulting attendance upon the foxhounds, where, like the most dignified and exulting personage in a public procession, though last, he is not the least in consequence."

The same writer goes on to say that the white pied bitch (already described) is the dam of a wonderful progeny, most of which have been sold at high prices,

"seven recently for one and twenty guineas, and these are as true a breed of the small sort as any in England."

A pleasing, if rather ponderous, eulogy on the fox terrier, and one which most members of the fox terrier clubs at the present day should fully appreciate, though they would scarcely consider their choicest puppies well sold at three guineas apiece.

Still, in their lines, our terrier had admirers quite as ardent ninety or a hundred years ago as is the case now. Then masters of foxhounds were extremely particular in their selection, requiring in their terriers at the same time strength, intelligence, and gameness. Another author about that period, tells us that the black, and black and tanned, or rough wire-haired pied are preferred, as those inclining to a reddish colour are sometimes in the clamour of the chase taken for the fox, and halloaed to as such.

As I have mentioned at length so many writers on terriers, allusion must again be made to Mr. Delabere Blaine, who, in 1840, published his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, which no doubt gave Mr. J. H. Walsh his idea of his "Rural Sports," which followed some fifteen years later. Blaine provides much nice reading and useful information in his immense volume, and, amongst other illustrations, gives us a team of terriers attacking a badger. Some of these little dogs are white with markings, others being whole coloured, dark pepper and salts, or black and tans. This writer, thus early, laments that "the occupation of the fox terrier is almost gone, for the fox is less frequently dug out than formerly, and it was thus only that the terrier was of use, either to draw the fox or to inform the digger by his baying of his whereabouts. So his occupation being gone, he is dispensed with by most masters

of hounds of the new school." Blaine proceeds to say that there are two prominent varieties of the terrier, rough and smooth, the first named appear to have been more common in Scotland and the north, "the rigours of a more severe climate being favourable to a crisped and curled coat." One of Blaine's terriers is neither more nor less than a bull terrier, bearing the orthodox brindled or brown patch on one eye, and its ears are cut.

Others, too, adopted the same ideas as Blaine, or at any rate similar ones, just as Taplin, in his "Sporting Dictionary," and the author of the "Sportsman's Repository," had done those of writers who preceded them.

The reasons hold good now that were so admirably set forth then, but even fewer terriers are used with packs of hounds than when Blaine wrote, and, unless under exceptional circumstances, a master will leave the fox which has contrived to get safely to ground, with his mask safe and his brush intact, if a little bedraggled. That, with an increasing love of hunting, so apparent during the past century, there was no wonder the terrier came to have consideration with some men little inferior to that bestowed on the hound himself. Pretty nearly each hunting country held its own particular strain, and that these were for the most part dark in colour (usually black and tan), that which has been read in these introductory pages, I think, forms fair evidence. That three varieties were common, large, medium, and small in size, too, is apparent, and that such were both smooth and rough or wire-haired; but how they were originally produced there is no evidence to show.

The early-time terriers were bred for work and not for ornament, and, unless they would go to ground after the

manner of the ferret, their heads would not be kept long out of the huge butt of water in the stableyard. Rats they had to kill, and, unhappily, often enough cats too; but fox terriers were less seldom used to work as spaniels or retrievers than is the case to-day. Our ancestors believed in each dog having its own vocation: the setter to set, the pointer to point, the spaniel to beat the coverts, and the terrier to make pilgrimages underground. Nor did they condescend to train the latter to run after rabbits, as in coursing matches; and they took for the most part the bull terrier to bait the badger and perform in the rat pit.

"A dash of bulldog blood" was always said to improve the pluck of a terrier (it certainly does not add to his elegance of form), and so no doubt came the brindle marks on some few of the modern fox terriers. Careful crossing has almost effaced the first named, now considered a blemish, and in its place the rich tan and black, or hound markings, have been introduced. Originally these gaudy colours were produced by some beagle blood, which, I fancy, came to be infused about thirty years ago. The large, flapping, almost hound-like, ears which still occasionally crop up, and were excessively common twenty years back, likewise suggest this beagle cross, and I have no doubt, from a modern black and tan terrier and a hound-marked, pure beagle, careful selection would in very few generations produce a fox terrier with a black and tan head and a patch at the root of the stern. Of a whilom champion a well-known admirer of the variety was wont to declare, "she had ears like a blacksmith's apron."

An excessive size of the aural appendages is not an attribute of the terrier proper, any more than are the

hound markings. I am inclined to believe that if ever there was an original terrier he had semi-erect ears, which, standing quite erect at times, were, when their owner came to be at work, thrown back into the hair of the neck, which for purposes of protection Nature provided stronger and more profuse there than on any other part of the body. To a great extent fancy has outdone nature in this respect, and few of the terriers seen winning on the benches now have that strong, muscular, hair-protected neck required for thorough workers. Neatness and quality are sought. In nine cases out of ten where a dog-show man possesses a fox terrier with a greater profusion of hair on the neck than elsewhere on the body, it would be taken off in order that a neatness and cleanness there would better attract the eye of the judge.

CHAPTER II.

INCREASING POPULARITY — EARLY SHOWS — OLD JOCK, TARTAR, OLD TRAP, AND GROVE NETTLE—DISUSE OF THE FOX TERRIER WITH HOUNDS.

THE present popularity of the Fox Terrier commenced about the year 1863, over a quarter of a century ago, and during the ten years which immediately followed that date the progress it made in the estimation of the people was quite phenomenal. Nothing like it had previously occurred in relation to any quadruped whatever, and if fortunes were not actually made by trading with and dealing in fox terriers, fair incomes were provided, and there became a demand for "keepers" who understood the breed, or, at any rate, said they did so, and knew how to look after the inmates of the kennel. Those days are still spoken of as the "good old times," when really tip-top terriers were in few hands, and in those of men who knew their value and were able to secure it. So long as a dog was white, with a patch of black, or brown, or tan on him—even brindled was considered not amiss—and weighed anything between

12lb. and 30lb., he was called a fox terrier and sold as such. He had a pedigree, made for the occasion perhaps. And why! if his ears were too big, they could be sliced down, as they sometimes were, and if they stood up erect instead of dropping, they could be cut underneath, and often were, and made to hang in the orthodox fashion.

The British public had not then learned to distinguish between one dog and another, long heads, straight legs, round feet, and other important essentials were considered secondary considerations when placed against an evenly-marked "black and tan" head—"tortoiseshell headed" a clerical friend called my little terrier, and he thought he had made a good joke, too. With the multitude came, for once at least, wisdom, and when Tom, Bill, and Harry kept fox terriers, those who had possessed them before required a better article. The youngsters studied from their elders, hob-nobbed with fanciers, and so by degrees obtained an inkling as to the requirement and appearance of a perfect terrier, or one as nearly perfect as possible. Any kind of rubbish almost could have been palmed off as the genuine article twenty years since; but a difference prevails now. Go to a dog show to-morrow, and eighteen out of every twenty persons you meet (ladies of course excepted) will argue with you as to the relative merits of this dog and about the defects of that one. They wonder at your presumption, perhaps, as you give your opinion against theirs; why, they will even talk to the judge himself, and tell him where he has done wrong, and how that terrier ought to have won and the actual winner only been placed third. Further inquiry might elicit the fact that the person so laying down the law was an interested party, and had shown a dog (in the same class as that in which he was

criticising the awards) as long on the legs and as defective in ribs and loins as a whippet, and was highly indignant that it had not won the cup. Some modern dog showers are too clever by half, they have kept terriers a few months, won a prize or two with such as they have purchased, and the next stage sees them figuring in the judging ring itself.

Once upon a time a dog judge was thought to be a man of lengthened experience—one who had bred, worked, and shown such varieties as were his particular fancy. I have known a man to judge fox terriers who had never bred one in his life, had never seen a fox in front of hounds, had never seen a terrier go to ground, had never seen either otter, weazel, or foulmart outside the glass case in which they rested on the wall in a bar parlour, and had not even seen a terrier chase a rabbit. His slight experience of working a terrier had been had at a surreptitious badger bait in the stable of a common beerhouse, and a violent attack on a dozen mangy rats by a mongrel terrier in an improvised pit in the bed-room of the landlord of the same hostel. However, such things are not so now, and the popularity of the fox terrier is as great as ever it was.

As I have said, a commencement of the extraordinarily popular career of the modern fox terrier was made about a quarter of a century ago. At that time few dog shows had been held, the first one of all, in 1859 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Mr J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"), whose works on dogs generally will be alluded to further on, was one of the judges. Needless is it to say that there was no class for fox terriers then, nor was there at Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester, following in successive years. Of course in the variety class for terriers, a few that had run with hounds were entered, but the first class ever arranged in

which they were to compete only with their own variety, was instituted at the North of England second exhibition of sporting and other dogs, held in Islington Agricultural Hall, June, 1862. Here a class for fox terriers headed the catalogue; there were twenty entries, and the winner of the first prize was Trimmer, a dog without pedigree, and shown by the late Mr. Harvey Bayly, then of Ickwell House, Biggleswade, later master of the Rufford. If we mistake not, this was a coarsish-looking, workmanlike dog, hound tan and black marked, whose strain was that of the Oakley terriers, the kennels of which were not far away from Mr. Bayly's residence.

Not, however, through a London show came the public attention to the fox terrier; Birmingham must have the credit thereof. In 1862, when what is now the National Exhibition was held at the Old Wharf in Broad Street, there was a class for "White and Other Smooth-haired English Terriers, except Black and Tan." Here several fox terriers were exhibited, and out of a class of dogs containing twenty-four entries, all the prizes went to the then so-called new variety; the leading honour being taken by Jock, exhibited by Mr. Thomas Wootton, of Nottingham, Mr. Bayly being second with Trap, whilst Mr. Stevenson (Chester) was third with Jack. In bitches, Mr. Wootton was second with Venom, and a Mrs. Mawes first, with a white bitch called Pepper, that afterwards went to Lieutenant-Colonel Clowes, of Worcester.

Here, then, did the fox terriers first attract public attention, and so much was this the case that the following year, viz., 1863, the Birmingham Committee had provided two classes for them, though a similar thing had been done at two shows held in London in March and May also in 1863.

At that time there was an opening for a popular dog, the swell of the period was becoming a little less effeminate than he had been, and was tired of lolloping my lady's toy spaniel on his knees. He had tasted and enjoyed the Tom and Jerry days in the rat pit, at the public-house dog show, and in the occasional baiting of a semi-domesticated badger. Many of the ladies themselves had grown discontented with the continued snortings of their over-fed pets, and the unodoriferous smells which sprung from obese King Charles and Blenheim spaniels. The Yorkshire terrier was fairly well known in parts of the North of England and elsewhere, but his coat was troublesome, and the graceful Italian greyhound was far too delicate and fragile a creature for ordinary "comforting" purposes. The lovely Maltese, with his coat in texture and appearance like spun glass, was scarce, and an uncertain mother with her puppies, whilst the appearance of the often goggle-eyed, "apple-headed," black and tan toy terrier was not sufficiently aristocratic to tempt the connoisseur in such live stock. Besides, these black and tans were bred and reared in the East End of London, the back streets of Birmingham and of other large towns, so they were too plebeian by half. Then the Dandie Dinmont and hard-haired Scotch terriers were scarcely known out of the land on the other side the border, and the Skye terrier with his long jacket carried too much dirt into the house. The white English terrier might have become popular had he not been so subject to chronic deafness, and no doubt the bull terrier and the black and tan terrier lost their chance of becoming public idols by reason that a barbarous custom had decided that their ears had to be in part amputated. This could only be done at considerable trouble and

expense, and with inordinate suffering to the poor creatures themselves.

So here was the chance for the fox terrier; he availed himself of the opportunity, and the public gladly accepted his enterprise. The visitors to the dog shows in 1862-3 noticed and made much of him. Mr. Wootton loved his handsome and sprightly dogs, kept them clean and glossy in their coats, and Jock and others had that merry twinkle in their dark brown eyes indicative of intelligence and gameness. Moreover, there was no superfluous jacket and hair hanging about their legs to carry dirt into the parlour and drawing-room, and when Lady So-and-So wished for a nice dog to take out for a walk in the country or a drive in the park, Lord So-and-So purchased a fox terrier puppy for her ladyship. The fox terrier has never socially looked behind him since. His position in society was attained as quickly, and perhaps with less difficulty, than is that of the millionaire railway king or successful speculator. The quadruped had but looks and manners to recommend him; possibly the biped had neither, and was entirely dependent for his *entrée* to his sovereigns and bank notes.

I often think there must have been something peculiarly attractive about these early-time fox terriers. They were certainly handsome and smart, but neither Old Jock nor Tartar, the two acknowledged progenitors of the present stock, had a black and tan marked head to recommend him. Moreover, their parents had the credit of being somewhat common in their origin, and generally had been looked after by the stable boy or the second or third whip. The huntsman himself was, as a rule, far too great a swell to leave a hound for a dog, though perhaps the master's

little son when home from Eton and Harrow for the mid-summer holidays might beg a terrier puppy, and by bribes and coaxing obtain for it a corner in the scullery or in an empty stall in the stable. As I have said, the progress from the servant's hall to the drawing-room was rapid, has proved consistent throughout, and satisfactory to all concerned.

At the Birmingham show already mentioned, Old Jock, Old Trap, and at the following one Old Tartar, then entered by Mr H. J. Davenport (Warwickshire), formed a suitable trio from which to found a nucleus to take the world by storm, and the blood of one or other of them is to be found in all the best strains of the present day, though the three dogs themselves were so much different in appearance. Shall I describe them here?

Jock was said to be bred by Jack Morgan, who, when the dog was pupped some time during 1859, was huntsman with the Grove. I have also heard it stated that Jock was born at the Quorn kennels. The Kennel Club Stud Book gives the breeder as either Captain Percy Williams, who was then master of the Grove, or Jack Morgan; but the uncertainty of the month in which the terrier was born, and the little thought given to terrier pedigrees at that time, make me extremely sceptical as to Jock's breeding, as I am of most of the early stock terriers. Anyhow, Jock has left his mark behind him, and also been the means of handing down to posterity the names of his sire and dam, the former being another Jock (also Captain Williams's), and the latter, Grove Pepper, huntsman's terriers both of them we may be sure. In show form Old Jock was just about 18lb. weight, standing a little high on his legs, which gave him an appearance of freedom in galloping. His

colour was white, with a dun or mixed tan mark on one ear, and a black patch on the stern and at its root. He was not what one would at the present time call a "varmint-looking" dog, *i.e.*, one with an unusual appearance of go and fire and gameness in him—he was a little deficient in terrier character. His ribs were well sprung, and his shoulders and neck nicely placed. When in thin condition he had the appearance of being a rib short; but his hind quarters and loins were strong and in unison with the other parts of his formation. To some modern tastes he would appear a little loaded at the shoulders; his fore legs, feet, and stoutness of bone were good, and his stifles strong and well turned. His ears were well placed, neither too large nor too small, and he had good strong jaws. With increasing years he grew a little full in the cheeks. All round Jock was a symmetrical terrier, and no specimen of late years has reminded me so much of him as the dog Rattler, who did so much winning. Jock, who is said to have run two seasons with the Grove Hounds, had his tail cut, but the portion left on was longer than is usually seen at the present day, and I fancy Jock docked as short as Mr. Luke Turner's Spice, would have presented but a sorry spectacle.

Tartar, a dog of quite a different stamp, was full of go and fire, a hardy-looking, strongly built terrier, and on the two occasions when he did beat his great rival the result was due to the better form in which he stood, and the determination he showed, as though perfectly willing, nay anxious, either to do or die, as he stood alongside his antagonist in the ring. Now, Tartar, 17lb. in weight, was a pure white dog, excepting for a light patch of pale tan over one eye, unusually compact in build—a pocket Hercules in

fact, with a back as muscular and strong as is the neck of a mighty Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler. A little wide in front was the old dog, but straighter perhaps on the fore legs than Jock, and with better feet. The latter, far the longer and more terrier-like in head, was beaten in size of ears, their mode of carriage, and in neatness of hind-quarters. Tartar was a peculiarly elegantly moulded dog behind, notwithstanding the amount of muscle he showed, and he stood neither too high on his legs nor the contrary. I cannot just now call to mind any terrier of the present generation like him in any respect. Possibly Richmond Jack resembled him somewhat; at any rate in shape of body and sprightliness. Both Tartar and Jock had fair coats, the former's the harder and smoother, and no doubt he was much the gamer of the two. It is always the fate of success to make enemies, and at the time Jock was being shown so successfully, and later, I was repeatedly told that he would not kill a rat, and that his going to ground or doing the work of a fox terrier was altogether a myth. Of this I cannot say of mine own knowledge, but tell the tale as it was told to me. Tartar's indomitable gameness has never been gainsaid, and he was always fond enough of a fight in the ring; though I have seen terriers furious in trying to get at an opponent when on the chain, that would have been as eager to go the other way had the collar been undone. Tartar had no pedigree, and he is said to have been bred by Mr Stevenson, of Chester, about 1862. I think there is little doubt that he was a cross-bred dog, for, as he was shown at Birmingham in 1863, had those who looked after him cared to determine his parentage (or if they possessed it to publish it), they could easily have done so.

Alas! for blue blood and terriers; our remaining support of the present generation likewise possesses but a doubtful parentage. There has always been a hesitancy about this, and so Old Trap's pedigree has been the source of perpetual correspondence, poor old dog! Here is what the Kennel Club's not always correct volume says of him. "Mr. J. H. D. Bayly, already mentioned, purchased him of Mr. Cockayne, then kennel man to the Oakley Hounds, and later at the Tickham kennels. Mr. Cockayne bought him from a groom of Mr. Isted's, well known in the Pytchley Hunt." Mr. Luke Turner, one of our very oldest admirers of the fox terrier, believes Trap's sire was a dog called Tip, owned by Mr. Hitchcock, a miller in Leicester This dog bore a reputation for extraordinary gameness, and was the favourite sire used by all the sporting characters in the district. The coachman of Col. Arkwright, then master of the Oakley, put a bitch to this dog Tip, and the result of the alliance was Trap.

I have already proved, I think satisfactorily, that the original fox terrier was black and tan, with possibly a little white on his chest and feet; but, so far as Trap was concerned, there has always been a belief that either his sire or dam was a black and tan terrier pure and simple. Mr. J. A. Doyle states that Mr. Bayly himself told him such was the case. On the contrary, the late Rev. T. O'Grady informed the writer that Trap's dam was a heavily marked fox terrier—*i.e.*, one with an unusual amount of black and tan colour on her body and head. All who have bred fox terriers know that in most strains these heavily marked puppies keep appearing, and Mr. F. Burbidge showed one in 1889, named Hunton Baron, which a few generations ago would have been called a black and tan terrier, and

it was as well bred and good looking a dog as any man need desire to possess. The above statement by Mr. O'Grady is corroborated by Mr. S. W. Smith, who says that Col. Arkwright, master of the Oakley, told him that Trap was by a kennel terrier of his out of a black and tan bitch in the village. Trap had a pale or mealy tan-coloured head, and a black mark on one side down the saddle, thus giving rise to the expression "a Trap marked" dog or bitch, as the case might be. His head was terrier-like, and of unusual length from the eyes to the nose, whilst his upper jaw was peculiarly powerful. His expression and brightness were much improved by his beautifully placed and perfectly coloured eyes. The ears, small in size, were nicely shaped, and sometimes, not always, well carried, for he had a habit of throwing them backwards, a peculiarity inherited by some of his descendants even as far as the third and fourth generations. He was a little too long in the body, and not nearly so elegantly formed in ribs, neck, hindquarters, shoulders, and elsewhere as either of the terriers previously mentioned. His fore legs and feet were fairly good, he had more than an inclination to be cow-hocked, and his coat was a trifle long and at times rather too open, though generally of good texture. Old Trap was about 17lb. in weight.

Such is the description of these three notable terriers from personal recollection, and the very first of their kind to command a fancy price on account of their appearance alone. Old Jock was sold for more than his weight in silver, which might be about 80*l.* or a trifle over, and Mr. Wootton himself paid 35*l.* for Tartar, "because," as his purchaser said, "he nicks well with light, leggy, delicate

bitches, and puts steam into the young ones; and another thing," Mr. Wootton goes on to say, "he was always second to Old Jock except when he twice beat him. Certain judges gave their awards in this way, so contrary to reason and common sense; for if Jock was right Tartar must be wrong, for the two dogs differ so much in appearance." Old Trap did not command so much money, about 25*l.* being the highest figure he reached, and this was when he had fallen into the sere and yellow, just before coming into the possession of Mr. J. H. Murchison, by whom the old dog was highly esteemed.

I think, with the mystery which surrounds the birth and pedigree of these three late lamented and excellent terriers, any attempt of mine to solve the difficulty would be useless. There is nothing but hearsay, he said and she said, upon which to dilate; they performed their duty well in that particular sphere in which they were called to work, and so I say let them rest in peace. Both Tartar and Old Jock, well nigh invincible on the show bench, had little check in their careers, which extended in the case of the former over eight years, and in that of the latter through four years only, whilst I believe Trap was not shown more than half a dozen times, his best performance being when he came second to Jock at Birmingham in 1862.

That extraordinary bitch Grove Nettle should be mentioned here, for to her quite as much as to any one of the couple and a half of terriers already named is due a share in the present production. Bred in 1862 by W. Merry, huntsman to the Grove Hounds, there does not appear to be any mystery as to her pedigree, she being by the Grove Tartar from the Rev. W. Handley's Sting. Nettle was a prettily shaped, tan-headed bitch, with a black mark on her side, a

rather long, wavy coat, almost inclined to be broken haired. The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, her owner, said "the difficulty was to keep her above ground." Another good judge said "there was not a more useful animal in the show when she was exhibited in the Champion Class at Birmingham in 1868," and he further described her as rather long in the body, and although possessing immense bone, not losing one iota in quality. At the Kennel Club, Cleveland Row, may be seen all that remains of this grand bitch, for she is there set up in a case, looking as hideous and unlike that which she was in nature as "stuffed" dogs do nine times out of ten.

In recalling these earlier recollections, there is no terrier of a past generation that appeals to me with greater power than Tyrant, as White Tyrant sometimes known. Mr. Harry Adams (Beverley) had, in 1865, the honour of breeding him, though the Kennel Club Stud Book throws a doubt on the matter by mixing the name of a Mr. Leighton therewith; whilst Mr. G. Booth, Mr. T. Lloyd-Edwards (near Lampeter), and Mr. T. Wootton had the pleasure of his exhibition. Old Trap was his sire, as he was said to be of almost every good terrier of that day, and Violet, by Old Jock—White Violet, his dam. Tyrant was a dog somewhat after the style of the expatriated and sadly named Lucifer As in Præsenti, but better in jacket and placement of shoulders, though possibly Lucifer was the narrower in chest of the two. Many of the "head men" in the "fancy" at that day did not think very much of Tyrant, but in reality he deserved all the praise they or anyone else could bestow upon him. No man ever owned a better dog as a terrier. In weight about 18lb., in form symmetrical, his strength of bone, legs and feet were of the best. No purely white fox terrier

I ever saw was less of the bull terrier in appearance than he, and, carrying his eight years well, he proved good enough to win the champion prize at Nottingham in 1873, beating Tyke, Trimmer, Trumps, Jock II., and six other less notable opponents. Moreover, Tyrant was sire of many leading terriers which in their turn have added to the excellences of those in the present generation. Venture was a son of his, so were Mr. Whitton's Badger (a rare old sort) and Mr. Sydenham Dixon's Sam, almost as perfect as his sire in appearance, but a broken leg badly set kept him from the show bench. Mr. Gamon's famous Chance and his favourite Risk were likewise sons of the old white dog, and now in 1889 few of our best terriers are to be found without some modicum of the blood of Tyrant in their veins. He, indeed, may bear the palm as the best of his race, both in beauty and gameness, immediately following his notable sire Trap, and equally notable grand sire Old Jock.

There was nothing wonderful in the fact that the marked attention these "revived" terriers attracted led to a newspaper controversy as to their origin, and in *The Field* a number of interesting letters appeared on the subject. These in every case came from men of weight and mark and learning in canine lore. Then the Editor, the late Mr. J. H. Walsh, wrote his article on the Fox Terrier which naturally attracted further attention.

After dwelling upon the advisability or otherwise of the bulldog or bull terrier cross, Mr. Walsh says he had "known good and bad of each kind of breeding; but the best he ever saw go to ground was one-eighth bull, though he showed it no more than Jock, the champion. . . . There are few varieties of the species *canis* which show more intelligence than the fox terrier," and "Gelert"

(a sporting writer and compiler of a list of foxhounds, &c., in 1849), the Rev. John Russell, and other authorities, support this opinion.

In the first edition of the "Dogs of the British Isles" the author ("Stonehenge") says, "that until the establishment of dog shows Captain Percy Williams, Jack Morgan, and five or six of our foremost huntsmen were the possessors of the most celebrated strains of fox terriers; but no sooner were special prizes offered for them at Birmingham, Leeds, and London, as well as in conjunction with those for foxhounds at the Cleveland Society's celebrated gatherings in Yorkshire, than Mr. Wootton of Nottingham, Mr. Stevenson of Chester, in conjunction with Mr. Gorse, also of Nottingham, and other breeders of less note, set themselves to work to vie with the professionals, and produced the beautiful little terriers which time after time have adorned the benches of Birmingham and Islington. Many of them have no doubt never seen a fox; but there are few which are not capable of giving a good account of him if properly entered." This was written in 1866 when the popularity had in a degree been achieved.

Mr. Walsh mentions only some seven or eight kennels of hounds having terriers of the show type, but there is little doubt a score or more of them had such. When once their value became known, they kept cropping up from all parts of the country, both smooth and wire haired, the former generally from the Midland and Southern counties, whilst those with hard jackets appeared mostly confined to the Yorkshire and more Northern districts. The Badsworth had a rare hard-bitten strain of terriers with their hounds, mostly smooth-coated ones, too. The Slingsbys, an old sporting family, who for generations resided at

Scriven Park, Yorkshire, had likewise a strain that was bad to beat at anything. These, too, had smooth jackets, showed bull-dog or bull terrier blood, were mostly lemon marked, from 13lb. to 16lb. weight, and usually possessed prick ears.

A little bitch from Mr. Vyner's was about as game a terrier as I ever saw, though her coat was thin and she had been brought up as a house pet. This bitch I saw sent into an earth in the North of England to drive what was generally considered to be a fox. Underground a long time, a couple of hours or more, with difficulty she was called out, and from the punishment she had received conclusions were drawn that a badger was in the rocks. The poor terrier had her jaw broken, and her face bitten through and through; still she escaped from her owner, went underground to her game again, and when got out a second time was almost dead. The badger was afterwards taken, and it is pleasing to note that the plucky little bitch survived her injuries.

Mr. Doyle, in his admirable article in "The Book of the Dog," tells us that the strain Mr. Stevenson owned at Chester originally came from Shropshire, where they had been kept and cherished for years by Mr. Domville Poole. Then Sir Watkin Wynne had a strain of his own in Wales (not Welsh terriers these), and so had Lord Hill on the borders of the Principality. Down in Devonshire the sporting country simply teemed with little dogs, but most of these were wire-haired, and the Rev. John Russell valued them highly, as did Mr. Cheriton and other hunting men of the locality. The Rufford, too, had its own speciality in fox terriers; so had Mr. Ffrance, in Cheshire; and even in Northumberland, from the Tyndale, came one

of the best fox terrier bitches I ever saw. She, however crops up a little later, and had all the good qualities of a modern first prize winner, with the exception of being very much tucked up in her loins, and she carried what remained of her stern right over her back. Some exhibitors might have cut it all off and said the absence of her caudal appendage was due to an accident of some kind or another. The Farquharsons, in Dorsetshire, owned excellent terriers, that would drive a fox out of its earth with the best of them, and the excellences of those of the Duke of Beaufort have repeatedly been mentioned. Treadwell, too, always kept a few couple of hardy ones handy for work with the Old Berkeley, as did old Ben Morgan for the use of Lord Middleton's Hounds; and the late Will Goodall, George Beers, with Frank, his son, were never happy unless they had some of the gamest of terriers well within call when required, after a good stout fox had dodged the stopped earths and gone to ground. Nor must The Burton, Lincolnshire, be forgotten. When Dick Burton hunted the pack, with Lord Henry Bentinck as master, considerable care was bestowed upon the terriers, a strain of which the hunt possessed, mostly white bodied dogs with lemon markings on the head. There is an oil painting still in the possession of the Burton family, a portrait of Dick with some of his favourite hounds and terriers. This must have been painted fifty years ago. When Burton retired into private life he took some of these terriers with him, and crossed them with a black and tan dog belonging to Mr. Charles Clarke, Scopwick, the well-known breeder of Lincoln sheep. This was in reality a black and tan fox terrier—not a Manchester terrier—possibly a dog something after the stamp of

that engraved and described earlier in the volume, the fox terrier of 1806. From this cross Dick Burton produced black and tan headed dogs, others with marks on the body, and he claimed to be the first individual to introduce these handsomely coloured terriers to the public. This is an interesting piece of history which I believe has hitherto failed to find its way into print, and there is no reason why the claim should not be allowed, although it is possible that at the same time, other admirers of the fox terrier were bringing about similar results through a different cross. In addition to these less known strains, came those whose reputation was world-wide rather than local, including the Grove, the Belvoir, the Albrighton, the Atherton, the Duke of Rutland's, and the Brocklesby.

Here, then, was a sufficiency of change in the blood to continue and improve any one variety, and our fox terrier classes on the show bench at the present day prove that every advantage has been taken of the material at hand. One strain has improved another, until little animals as near perfection as possible are produced, and a couple of hundred candidates for honour at one show is nothing unusual now, whilst in 1860, at Birmingham, only about three *bona-fide* fox terriers were on view, and there was no special class provided for them.

Reverting to *The Field* correspondence, "Cecil," writing in December, 1858, said, "that during one of his visits into Cheshire he had the honour of an introduction to a gentleman who was for many years a first-rate performer over a country, and has ever ranked highly in the estimation of his numerous friends for his hospitality, exquisite port wine, and an unrivalled collection of terriers. An invitation to dine and inspect his unique little pack of terriers afforded

me the greatest pleasure. I might possibly be transgressing the bounds of etiquette if I were to record the kind receptions I met with on such occasions; and I am the more cautious in the introduction of gentlemen's names, having recently caused some annoyance to an old and valued friend by mentioning him in these columns, in conjunction with others, as a most liberal preserver of foxes, and a popular resident in a country far distant from this. Knowing, therefore, that some gentlemen entertain objections to being brought before the public, more especially as regards matters of a private nature, I feel that I need not offer any further apology for not giving greater publicity to one of Cheshire's most highly respected and worthy country squires. Of the pack, however, I must claim the privilege of giving a description. It consists of seven couples of beautiful white terriers, most decided enemies of the vulpine race, or any other animal wearing fur and coming under the denomination of vermin. In evidence of their courage, two young ones are mentioned as having killed a cat which weighed more than themselves when placed in the scales together. Their pedigrees have been registered with as much care and precision as those of any pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. In symmetry they are perfect, and their legs and feet quite models for masters of hounds and huntsmen to study. Whenever the hounds run foxes to ground in the neighbourhood, one of these game little pets is sure to be in requisition; and there were two of them evincing the marks of recent conflicts with foxes when employed in dislodging them from their subterranean places of refuge. In that very useful employment the destruction of rats they are superlatively good, and a huge monster of that species was very quickly dispatched by a

little bitch only six months old; and, although the rat caught her by the cheek, she did not even utter a whimper. The buildings devoted to their accommodation are complete in every respect. They are miniature foxhound kennels, well ventilated, and of comfortable temperature, regulated by a thermometer, and the very paragon of cleanliness."

These are the terriers Mr. John Walker alluded to in his celebrated contribution when he stated that nothing came amiss to the little wretches from a "pig to a postman," an unfortunate letter carrier being attacked by them and so bitten about the legs that death ensued.

The late Captain White, after witnessing a trial of the gameness and endurance of these terriers against two newly-caught badgers, pronounced them, the terriers (not the badgers), to be "as hard as iron, stout as steel, and good as gold."

No doubt there were as good terriers in those days as there are now for work, perhaps better, for there was more use for them then. The columns of *The Field* during 1866-67 contained a number of excellent letters on the fox terrier, written by those who knew what they were writing of and how to put their ideas into words. The respective merits of Jock and Tartar were freely discussed, and "W. J. M.," who resided at Colwick Rectory, near Nottingham, received a rather warm retort from the then owner of Tartar, the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, for suggesting that the little champion was too much of the bull terrier.

That admirable writer "Idstone," whose charming articles have so often delighted his readers, also wrote all he knew about fox terriers, and this was what he said: ". . . First, I think the coat of the terrier they breed is

frequently too fine; a harder, denser description of jacket would be a more suitable protection for a dog who has to face all weather, and to submit all day to the splash of the huntsman's horse. I believe if he could choose for himself he would pick out something more like bristles, although lying closely, as offering a better defence to the weather or to that angry thong he always is within reach of except when he has gone to ground. . . . I am no advocate for broken haired fox terriers," continues "Idstone," "and am thoroughly of opinion that the smooth dog, as a class, beats the rough dog in pluck and staying powers." He would, indeed, be a bold man who could say this to-day, for there are now, as then, good and bad of both varieties, and that dog the better trained and with the greatest amount of hard work to do will always be the one to do it properly.

"Idstone" further says "a pure fox terrier is not required to draw badgers, nor should he be so 'hard bitten' as to slaughter a fox in the earth. . . . The kennel dog is, and must be kept, a distinct family, and he ought to have quite enough courage to destroy vermin without possessing the bulldog cross. The one is generally a useful animal, adapted for ratting, rabbit hunting, and working a hedge-row or bit of gorse, providing his coat is hard enough. The other is good for vermin, but will very likely not let a cat live about the premises, and is anxious for a "turn-up" with any outsider of his own species—two inconvenient and undesirable proclivities." All this holds good at the present time, although the advice contained therein, written more than twenty years ago, was then especially valuable, as there was a strong inclination to infuse a strain of the bulldog into the ordinary terrier.

"W. J. M." also wrote in favour of the smooth-coated variety, and so did Captain Handy, who at that time was a popular sportsman at Malmesbury, and, as he always will be to the end of the chapter, a right good fellow. Under the signature of "J. A. H.," he writes, "I am quite of opinion that a fox terrier should be smooth coated, and I much doubt whether any dog showing a rough or broken-haired coat is pure bred; but where such is the case, I believe there must be a cross (more or less remote) of the Scotch terrier. I daresay there are rough-coated terriers as good as any smooth-coated ones, but they are not fox terriers. I well remember the fox terriers that used to run with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in Will Long's time, and I believe the breed had been kept there for very many years. You will see a specimen amongst the hounds in the picture of 'The Lawn Meet at Badminton.' They were nearly always black and tan, but occasionally black, white, and tan, with a compact, well-knit frame, ears small and hanging close to the head, with coats, though close and thick, as bright and smooth as satin. It was wonderful with what pluck and endurance they would make their way to the end of the longest run. . . . Now in these fast days," continues the gallant Captain, "sportsmen cannot wait for a fox to be got out, and the order is 'find another one'; hence the use of fox terriers to run with hounds has been discontinued, and the breed has not been kept up at Badminton. . . ."

And there is no doubt that the fox terrier is less used as an adjunct to the foxhounds now in 1890, than even was the case when "J. A. H." made his lamentations on the subject. At times one may see a "runner"—that is, a man who follows the hounds on foot—with a little dog under his arm

or at his heels in a leash, which he tells you is "the best in the world," and will drive any fox from any earth or drain, be it ever so long and sinuous. For obvious reasons the poor fellow's terrier is seldom tried, and when the fox is run to ground, the cry is "Forrard! to Blankton Gorse," or some other untried covert.

The present Lord Lonsdale had an idea of working some of his prize-bred terriers with his hounds when he was master of the Pytchley. But the general surroundings of modern fox hunting prevented him doing this properly and as he would have wished. Still, a few of his high-priced, fashionable terriers were properly entered, and, I believe, gave a good account of themselves whenever required so to do. Mr. Harding Cox, when master of the Old Berkeley Hounds, kenneled some good working terriers of the prize strains, but his, like Lord Lonsdale's, are wire hairs. Then the Littleworths, huntsmen for generations, have always kept terriers, and even now own some of show bench strains which can and do accompany the hounds when there is likely to be occasion for their services. Indeed, there is still a fox terrier or two hanging about either the kennels or the stable yard, but no pains are taken to perpetuate the variety solely for bolting the fox, as once was the case. Modern hunting, quick gallops, and the go-aheadedness of the times have done away with his occupation, and the fox terrier now possesses his greatest value in his beauty alone. At the great Hound Show held during June of each year at Peterborough, prizes are given for terriers which carry a record of having been entered and employed with foxhounds. The competitors there are somewhat of a ragged lot as a rule, though occasionally the absolute winners are quite up to modern show form in

appearance; moreover they are well bred and likewise often bear the credentials of scars as their Victoria Cross.

In the North of England, in Wales, and in some parts of Scotland, fox hunters cannot do without their terriers, but those used with Tommy Dobson's few couples of hounds in Eskdale, Cumberland, by Mr. Benson with the Melbrake, by the Ulleswater, by the Coniston, and by other packs, have little or no connection with the fox terrier proper. They are bred to drive the fox if they can, and worry him underground if his heart fails him and he dare not face the open.

CHAPTER III.

MORE NOTABILITIES—EAR-DROPPING AND OTHER MALPRACTICES—FORMING A KENNEL—THE FOX TERRIER CLUB—SOME MODERN KENNELS—THE BEST TERRIERS—MEASUREMENTS.

OF course, there were a few other good terriers appearing about the earlier shows in addition to those already mentioned, but such bear sorry reputations to-day, nor have they done much in the way of improving the family generally. Rival was a terrier-like dog of the Jock stamp, but these varmint-looking fellows soon had, as it were, their noses put out of joint by the introduction of some smarter, handsomer, and gayer little creatures, wherever, they came from, and there was no wonder that the huntsmen called such dogs as those of which the beautiful Trimmer formed a fair specimen, toys. Here was another "pillar" with the name of the breeder unknown, though said to be sired by some unknown quantity of a dog called Rap, his dam being the Rev. T. O'Grady's Vic. Trimmer, a smart, thin coated little dog, about 14lb. weight, with a small, weak head, was most prettily marked with the

deepest black and the richest tan. He was no workman to look at, and I have heard it said that, instead of being bred at some well-known kennels, as all such notabilities should be, Trimmer first saw the light in the cottage of a bargeman who sailed on one of the Midland canals. If this handsomest of fox terriers was not game, he was thoroughly ill-natured and snappish, and, during his confinement on the show bench, kept all inquisitive visitors at a respectful distance. Trimmer, unlike some other celebrities, had two brothers; these were called Crack and Tory. The latter belonged to young Mr G. F. Statter, who then had a farm at Broomhills, near Carlisle, and Tory was a sad dog, as wild as they make them—one, indeed, that could not be allowed off the chain. Crack, some time in the possession of the writer, was a beautifully made little animal, with a good coat, and the most perfect feet and legs imaginable. He won a prize or two, but would not be looked at as a show dog nowadays. His temper to strangers was most obnoxious, still, he was fairly game, would kill rats and swim a mile up the middle of a canal.

Others of the toyish stamp were Mr. Murchison's Bellona and Mr. Sarsfield's Fussy. The latter caused a considerable sensation when she came forward as a winner, for her owner lived at Durham, and was quite out of the ordinary swim of so-called fanciers, who now had grown numerous. Fussy, entered at Birmingham show in 1868, when the Rev. T. O'Grady and Mr. John Walker were the judges, was then said to be about twelve months old, so that the stud book is in error where it states she was born in 1869. Mr. Henry Calf, of Devizes, showed her, and thought so little of his bitch as to catalogue her at five guineas. I need

scarcely say she did not obtain even a commendation, nor her sister Venom either, who was entered by their breeder, Mr. H. C. Musters, at the same time. Fussy caught the eye of Mr. Sarsfield, who speedily became her owner for the sum already alluded to, and a great prize he thus obtained. In the following year Fussy commenced her successful career in the provinces, and, reappearing at Curzon Hall in 1870, was placed first in a strong champion class of eight, which included Mr. Pilgrim's Gem, who had been third the previous year. Mr. F. Sales, however, with his good, strong-backed bitch Myrtle, beat the Durham entry for the cup. It may be stated here that the daughter of the latter, Patch (Mr. Procter's), then but nine months old, was exhibited in the open class unsuccessfully, but in 1871 the tables were turned, for Patch came first in the open division; once more was her dam at the head of the champions, but still unfortunate, was placed behind the writer's Mac II. for the prized champion cup. Mr. Sarsfield's old favourite again won in 1872, but the following year Patch was beaten by Myrtle, then five years old, but wearing well. In addition to the above honours, Fussy won many others, and proved an extraordinarily good bitch for breeding purposes too, for Mr. Gibson's Vexer, a bitch rather short in head, but very good indeed in other respects, was own sister to Patch, the dam and her two handsome daughters forming a trio that would be difficult to beat even to-day. The strain has not, however, been worked to all the advantage it might have been, Mr. Sarsfield's business engagements prevented him giving more than a passing attention to improving our terriers, and Mr. Procter gained notoriety from his strain of Cochin China fowls. Mr. Procter, how-

ever, still keeps a terrier or two as companions, and shows them successfully occasionally; such as he has possess more or less of the Fussy blood, and through her sire, Mr. Muster's Ragman, go back to Old Trap, as so many of our best strains do.

Mr. J. Holmes, jun.'s (Beverley) Gadfly, by Vassal, a son of Jock and Grove Nettle, another much admired terrier in his day, especially for the reputation he bore for gameness, could not get high up in the prize list at Curzon Hall; still groups of sporting men were usually round his number, as was the case with Mr. F. Sale's Hornet—much the better of the two—and he was a son of Grove Nettle. The same exhibitor also owned an animal of unusual excellence in Myrtle, by his Old Sam, a son of Tyrant, out of a bitch called Jenny, by Old Jock. Mr. Luke Turner bred Myrtle, who at five years old was good enough to win the challenge prize at Birmingham. She had rather large ears, a weakish jaw, and possessed neither the rough wear and tear appearance nor character a hunting man likes to see in his terrier.

One of the best all-round fox terriers about now (1873, or a little later), was the lovely little bitch Lille, so long and successfully shown by Mr. Shepherd, of Beverley. She looked like a daughter of Tyrant's, but was by Tartar —Patch, out of Fell's Spot, all good-bred ones in their way, with nothing like the quality possessed by their illustrious descendant. Handsome as Lille was, stronger bone and less delicate appearance would have improved her, though beautiful symmetry always attracted the judges at that time rather than a game-looking expression. The latter was possessed in an extraordinary degree by a tan-marked bitch called Fan, first, I believe, shown by Mr.

W. Allison, of Cotswold Rectory, and later by Mr. C. T. Abbot. Here we had all terrier character, but she moved stiffly, was not, as it were, built on galloping lines, and became too loaded at the shoulders for modern fancy. She came in a little later, and reminded me more of Grove Nettle than any bitch I have seen since. The Stud Book gives her pedigree as follows: sire, Priam; dam, Pixie; by Jock out of Lill; Priam by Morgan's Grove Crab out of Fury; and she was bred by Lady de Lisle.

Another excellent bitch abounding with character was Jester's daughter Satire, bred and shown by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, near Thirsk, and from the same kennel came Tiny, who became a champion. Denton's Jock, from Doncaster, an excellent dog with a doubtful pedigree, said to be by Tyrant—dam unknown, after winning a number of prizes at the Yorkshire shows, was purchased by Mr. Gibson, Brockenhurst, and as Bitters continued to increase his notoriety but was by no means a success at the stud.

Amidst all these bygone celebrities, Mr. Peter Pilgrim's May must not be forgotten, another of old Jock's daughters, from a bitch called Crafty, known at the Quorn Kennels. Lasting long enough to win second prize in the champion class at Nottingham when eight years old, she was a remarkably strong-loined, very good looking bitch, rather light in bone. Another notable dog was the much abused Venture (the late Mr. W. Cropper's, Minting House, Horncastle) by Tyrant, already described. It was rather strange that Venture—who, by the way, was said to be unable to get stock—by his alliance with Fussy produced so heavily-marked a bitch as Procter's Patch and Henry Gibson's Vexer, with little

colour about her, whilst his Vanity from Cottingham Nettle had likewise Venture for their sire. Patch was a good one if almost black, and certainly well beat her dam in length and strength of jaw, in which respects Fussy was sadly deficient.

About the year 1872 the entries of fox terriers became unusually numerous, and, strange though it may seem, actually included more individual animals than are found even in the special terrier shows held at the present time. Now the classes are divided into some for puppies, others for novices, the ordinary open ones, and those for champions. Then a couple of champion classes and as many open ones were all the catalogues included, and there were no duplicate entries, *i.e.*, dogs were not allowed to compete in more than one division. Still, these arrangements notwithstanding, from one hundred and fifty to over two hundred terriers were often benched in one exhibition, and at Nottingham, in 1872, 276 fox terriers were entered. Here there was a puppy class which attracted 73 competitors, whilst 74 animals were present in the open dog class and 109 in that for bitches, where Tiny, alluded to earlier on, won in the largest class of fox terriers on record. Mr. S. Owen's Thatch, a now forgotten dog, was placed at the head of affairs in the open dog class, with the much better known Foiler second only. The champion classes at the same show had likewise large entries, Mr. T. Bassett's Spot, a terrier of great reputation at that time, beating Tyke and others in the dog division, whilst another of the well nigh forgotten ones, Mr. B. Cox's Whiskey, was placed over May and Nectar for the bitch championship. A little later Birmingham found the fox terriers so numerous that the executive laid their heads

together to devise some simplification of the work the judges had to do.

There was a controversy going on then about the size of fox terriers. Both big and little were winning, and those who owned the latter grumbled at the judges who by their awards testified to the truth of the adage that "a good big 'un would always beat a good little 'un." So in 1876 the fox terriers at Curzon Hall came, as it were, to be split up, and classes were provided for dogs over 18lb., bitches over 16lb., and both dogs and bitches under those weights. This arrangement continued for ten years, during which period the fashion became so changed that the best judges would scarcely condescend to look at a fox terrier much over 17lb. As the custom had grown in the country for providing novice and other divisions, in addition to the usual open and champion (or challenge) ones, the Birmingham management again made a change, the result of which is seen at the present day. Possibly what I have written here will remove the false impression which appears to prevail to the effect that the classes of fox terriers are larger now than at any previous period of our history. I fancy that some modern judge at one of our big shows would look puzzled were he set down in a ring with fifty-eight fox terrier dogs in the open class, and only two fewer in the bitches, as was the case at Birmingham in 1875. And at that show all sorts and sizes won prizes, the winning dog being Mr. Bassett's Varmint, one of the heavy weights, and a coarse customer too; whilst for second came Snap (Mr. J. R. Whittle's), one of the writer's strain, a very neat and an all round excellent little dog who could not scale 15lb. Mr. Russell Earp's Vine, who took prece-

dence in bitches, was likewise of the smaller or more toyish stamp; and, on the contrary, Mr. G. H. Warren's Vic, second prize, was a much bigger and far stronger bitch. With such decisions as these, no person was surprised to find, as already stated, the change in the arrangements of classification which came the following year.

Twenty years since the value of pedigrees in fox terriers became so apparent, that they were often manufactured; the honour of winning a prize was now at its highest, so sharp practices to gain that distinction came into vogue. Some exhibitors, not content with merely docking the tails of their dogs, were clever enough to reduce the size of the ears by paring them down with either knife or scissors. I remember being shown the scissors with which this operation had been successfully performed on a dog that won a number of prizes. One of the first duties of a judge in the ring at that time was, and for years later continued to be, to examine the ears to see whether they had been what was slangily called "faked." This usually meant cutting the tendons of the ears to make the latter drop properly, for many terriers had naturally prick or erect ears, and with these appendages so carried there was no chance of winning a prize. The teeth, too, could be filed to a level where those on the lower jaw projected in front of the upper ones. When they did so project, the dog was said to be undershot, a fault which was then absolute disqualification. Curling sterns, over-gaily carried, could be straightened, so the clever artist in the way of dog showing, had, even with these almost white terriers, ample opportunity for a display of his skill and ingenuity in dishonest practices. And so he

has now, he does so in many cases, and "faking," to my mind, quite as bad as those cases I have alluded to is still permitted, as most fox terrier exhibitors know well enough. These remarks are, however, more especially applicable in the case of the wire-haired variety.

This *en passant*, however. Immediately following 1870 there were still more notorious terriers shown than those already mentioned, some good that did not win prizes, others indifferent which did, for the judging was sadly in and out. Amongst the indifferent specimens might be classed Vandal, whose pedigree in the "Kennel Club Stud Book" is, I was told at the time of the publication, all wrong (although the owner is free from blame in the matter); Turco and Renard, all shown by Mr. Murchison, who then had a kennel of terriers which has not since been surpassed. It included no end of celebrities, and for three years or more his representatives quite swept the decks. At Titchmarsh, near Thrapston, where the kennels were located, Mr. Murchison was fortunate in securing the services of S. W. Smith as kennel-manager, and for years the word of the latter was law as to what a fox terrier should be. Old Trap, Bellona, Trimmer, Old Jock, Grove Nettle, Pincers, Trinket, Vanity, Olive, were one time or another all under Smith's charge, as were hosts of minor lights, the names of which do not at present occur to me. When Mr. Murchison's kennels were strongest they contained at the least 150 smooth-coated fox terriers, and perhaps the best of all the lot was his well-known bitch, Olive, which had been bred by Mr. Luke Turner, and was contemporary with Mr. Henry Gibson's Dorcas mentioned further on. Olive was by Belgrave Joe—Tricksey, by Chance, an 18lb. bitch, with

a black and tan head, and all round one of the best fox terriers ever produced, and Stonehenge had her illustrated for his "Dogs of the British Isles." Olive died in the autumn of 1889, at the advanced age of fifteen years.

Another equally powerful kennel about the same time was that formed by Mr. Henry Gibson, at Brockenhurst, on the borders of the New Forest, and whose name has already appeared in these pages. From school-boy days Mr. Gibson had been an admirer of fox terriers, and, when he had scarcely entered his teens, contrived to obtain a crack dog! of the breed, for which he paid the exorbitant sum of fifty shillings, and that was about fifty years ago. Later in life Mr. Gibson availed himself of the opportunity thrown in his way, to cross this old strain of working terriers with more modern ones, and thus he achieved the honourable position occupied by the most successful exhibitor of the day, which he certainly was about the years 1873-6. Mr. Gibson still believes in the old time terriers, and considers that the one mentioned above, which he had purchased from Massey, Mr. Adderley's (now Lord Norton) gamekeeper, Hams Hall, Warwickshire, was the best he ever possessed, and he treasures the same strain even now. This family of terriers was as game as possible, quite free from any of the bull terrier blood, and many and many a hard week's work have these Brockenhurst dogs done when their time was not occupied on the benches, where they had a long and successful career. Although most of these winners had been bred by their owner, he was always ready in case of need to pick up the plums which were to be had from other kennels. In 1874, he claimed Foiler at Birmingham (he was one of the judges) for 100*l.*, where that dog had been placed second to Tyke, who, catalogued

at 50*l.*, could have been purchased for less money. Foiler, a good looking dog, with a long well shaped head, but not level enough on his back for my fancy, proved an indifferent animal to breed from, although so well bred himself, having a treble strain of Grove blood in him through Willie, Tartar, and Nettle. Foiler, Diamond, Brokenhurst Joe, Vexer, Bitters, with that extremely good bitch Dorcas, were some of the best terriers Mr. Gibson has owned. The last named, who was purchased by Mr. F. Burbidge, requires something more than a passing notice, for there are many persons at the present day who considered her, when living, as the best of her race, and now, when dead, believe her equal has not yet been seen. Dorcas, born in 1873, was at the height of her successful show career, two years later, a bitch about 16lb. in weight, with one side of her face black and tan, body white, with one spot on it. She possessed one of the best heads of the Foiler stamp, long and powerful, well shaped on the skull, and quite terrier like in muzzle, her excellent expression being increased by her beautiful eyes, sharp and sparkling, ever on the look out for "rats." She was not of the cobby stamp, though rather long in back, bone not heavy, but apparently of excellent quality. Dorcas's neck and shoulders were perfection, so were her feet and fore legs, the latter as straight as they could be made, still not stiff and stilty to the extent of giving a narrowness in front and a deficiency of heart room, so increasing a defect amongst the modern prize winners. The ears of this bitch were nicely carried, neither too big or too little, and in the early portion of her career her coat was hard, short, and close, later it became a little soft. The hind quarters were not quite so neat as one would like to have seen, arching a little too much and

more crooked at the stifles than is actually to be wished, still, all round, Dorcas was one of the very best fox terrier bitches we ever saw, and as such fully deserving the eulogiums bestowed uper her. Her head stuffed and mounted, hanging on the walls of the Kennel Club, in Cleveland Row, does her scant justice.

Messrs. Bewley and Carson, who resided in Liverpool, about this time were going the circuit of the shows, and by the aid of Quiz won a great number of prizes. This was an unusually nice terrier in every way, though not of a fashionable pedigree (being by Watty—Midge, whatever they were), nor am I quite certain that, in 1871, he was not the best terrier of his year. Mr. N. Archer, who bred him at Stourbridge, more than once was present at the big shows with some dog better than common—the bitch Diamond for instance, though there was some trouble about her ears. Mr. Gamon, of Chester, did honour to his City by producing many of the best dogs of his day. His tan-headed Chance, which was found suffocated in his box at Birmingham in 1870, was, whatever any one says to the contrary, about as perfect in his variety as anything we have seen. His coat, perhaps a little fine, was close, and the skin could scarcely be found underneath it; his expression and form were perfect. The terrier most like him is Belgrave Joe, an admirable engraving of whom, from a painting by Arthur Wardle, is just now to be seen in the metropolitan print-sellers' shops. By careful selection Mr. Gamon had formed a valuable kennel, and great regret was expressed at its dispersal some few years later.

Quite a sensational dog of his day was Mr. Leon Binney's Mac, a terrier of the handsome type, who came

second to Venture at Laycock's Dairy Yard, where the Islington dog show was held in 1869. Many thought the Manchester dog should have won, and dying soon after there was no chance of avenging his defeat. He, however, left behind him a son, in Mac II., with whom the writer was fortunate enough to win the cup at Birmingham in 1871, the open dog class being, perhaps, the finest that had, up to that time, ever been brought together. Hornet, another good dog, and a daughter of Grove Nettle, was second in that year. Mac II. was all that a terrier should be, a game and gentlemanly dog and why he did not go to ground after fox and otter was for the very same reason that the costermonger now calling "fresh oysters" does not do so in German—because his education has been neglected.

The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam bred Tyke, a dog that won an unusual number of prizes, and who with Rattler, following a year or two later, took us right down to the present generation of terriers. Tyke was by Tartar from a bitch by Old Jock; a lowish set dog, with extra strong back; of a nice size, about 17lb., very powerful, but with a brindle mark on one cheek. He was pupped in 1869, changing hands several times at small sums (a good terrier was now worth 100*l.* or more), until Mr. F. J. Astbury, of Prestwich, near Manchester, purchased him, and showed him over all the country. Dr. Hazlehurst had Turk and Mr. A. C. Bradbury Trumps about this time; the latter a leggy dog rather, with a richly marked head, and bearing a character for gameness second to none. Good as he was, he, like Old Turk, was but a second-rater compared with the lions of his day, though in "blue blood" equal to the highest in the land. Mr. J. H. Shore's Viper, another

son of Tartar, deserves a line to be written as to his excellence; so does that sterling bitch Trinket, whose only fault was her plum-coloured nose. Her history proved sad, for she was stolen, and no one, excepting the thieves, who were never discovered, knew what became of her. Anyhow, a lovely bitch was lost to the honest people of the world. Grove Trimmer, shown by Mr. De Castro; Mr. G. H. Allsop's Rebel; Mr. Redmond's Deserter; Little Jim—the best of Tyke's get we ever saw—bred by Mr. Cumming Macdona; and Spot, shown by Mr. Theodore Basset, were all terriers of a high class, and so like workmen in appearance that they deserve to be mentioned here.

To continue a description of all the leading terriers during the past two decades would be a little wearisome; so, after a passing allusion to the dog who gained the name of the "dreaded Rattler," fresh ground must be broken. Jack Terry, of Nottingham, was the first man to successfully exhibit him, which he did under the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam as judge at one of the early Manchester shows. He was there sold to Messrs. J. Douglas and S. Handley, who re-sold him to Mr. Fletcher, of Stoneclough, for 100*l*. Then, attended to by George Helliwell, Rattler entered upon a career of successful exhibition which was nothing short of phenomenal. Born in 1871, and, when little less than two years old, winning at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1873, he continued, with little to stop his progress, until 1881, then having won over 250 prizes. The value of these, with the stud fees which no doubt so successful a dog would command, must have made Mr. Fletcher's spirited investment a lucrative one.

Rattler's blood I never cared about. The Stud Book

gives his breeder as Mr. Turner (this is not Mr. Luke Turner, so eminent an authority on fox terriers), by Hulse's Fox out of Fan, by Underwood's Spot from Cowlister's Dutch; Fox by Trimmer II., by Old Trimmer. That he got few notable puppies is not surprising, for, with the exception of Spot, his progenitors were not likely to bring good scions, the appearance of Trimmer II. in any pedigree being quite sufficient to condemn it. Oh, what ears that dog had! big even during an era when such were rather the rule than the exception. Rattler, in appearance just an enlarged edition of Old Jock, was about 19lb. weight, in fair show condition; good all round, the more one looked at him the better he suited, his greatest fault being one common to all much-shown dogs —a general listlessness in the ring. When "rats" were astir Rattler was all over the place, and, although he had many detractors—for the most part defeated opponents —the name of the "dreaded" will for long remain one of the foremost in the annals of fox terrier history. Had Rattler been shown and knocked about as a puppy, would he have worn so well and looked so fresh as he did when last on the bench? is a question I would put to those who nowadays so persistently advocate puppy classes.

For years the name of the Rev. T. W. de Castro has been familiar to all who are likely to wade through these pages—ever since he owned Buffer. Here we had the exact antipodes to Rattler; the one could not win on the bench, yet could produce excellent stock, the other could do the former and not the latter. When Buffet, Buffer's son, was sold for 250*l.* by Mr. Shepherd, of Beverley, to Mr. J. Hyde, of Stratford-on-Avon, a sensation was caused, for, however fanciful prices had previously been, this certainly

topped all. Buffet was as dear a dog as anyone could purchase, because thoroughly unhealthy, his blood was disordered, and all the care and attention one of the most skilful "dogmen," John Reid, could bestow, were required to bring him into the ring in a fairly presentable state. Imagine a terrier almost, if not quite, perfection in formation and symmetry, and you have Buffet. Possibly the *liquor arsenicalis* in his system made him despondent and heavy hearted when in the show ring; a gamer-looking and more sprightly appearance would certainly have been an improvement. This poor dog had not a long reign, and, when his general health is taken into consideration, the wonder becomes greater that his public reputation was so long sustained.

Other noteworthy sons of Buffer were Nimrod and Gripper, and I am pretty certain that had the first-named been kept as he had been reared, his successful career would have extended over many years. Gripper, his brother, survives, and now, in his sixteenth year, looks as well and is as fresh and lively as many dogs are at half his age. How the writer of these chapters obtained the fox terriers he once owned and showed so successfully may be interesting and instructive to others who would desire to go and do likewise.

As a commencement it must not be forgotten, that twenty years ago there were fewer dog shows than now, fewer people who knew a terrier when they saw one, and that canine knowledge was comparatively rudimentary. I lived in a country town, and had no more than visited a few dog shows, the principal ones, however, amongst the number. I went, saw, and fancied the fox terrier as he then was, and in due course, after obtaining a couple of

puppies from the same source, which died, got a bitch through the late Rev. T. O'Grady, of Hognaston Rectory, Ashbourne. This was Riot, by Old Trap—Venus, by Old Jock—a suspicious pedigree to be handed to a novice, but ultimate proceedings convinced me of its correctness.

After sending her over to the Hilmorton Paddocks, near Rugby, to be served by Jock II., said to be by Old Jock out of Grove Nettle, I had for my pains and expense a litter of mongrels, one of which, because it had an "evenly-marked black and tan head," I was persuaded to show. However, so disgusted was I with my own dog alongside others, that I sold him for seven shillings, and, though the entry fee and expenses had cost ten times that sum, was told, by one who knew, that I had made a good bargain. Purchasing Crack (brother to Trimmer), in due course Riot became his consort, and the foundation was laid of a strain which, I believe, if it had been properly and judiciously kept up to the present day, would have been equal to the best. After three generations I found that my strain bred fairly truly; prick ears were absent, and any puppy I cared to sell easily realised two or three guineas at least, and when grown up would turn out by no means unpresentable.

Some crosses I tried were worse than useless; thus with the Foiler blood, with Rivet, who was by Gadfly from Tricksey, and laying claim to a pedigree quite as long as the haughty haberdasher does when he retires from business and becomes a county family celebrity; and with a dog named Nugget, brindled marked and the facsimile of Tyke. Dew claws doubly distilled, brindle marks, and ugly creatures were produced from them, until I came to the conclusion that to breed fox terriers with any certainty you must have

blood thoroughly reliable. I gave a heavily marked puppy away which had been produced from another cross I obtained by the purchase of Mac II., for his dam, Venom, I had always admired, indeed, I almost purchased her from her breeder, Mr. F. Chaplin, so long ago as 1869. Then a neighbouring gamekeeper, an importation from Northumberland, had sent down to him a fox terrier bitch from the Tynedale, the lemon marked one already described, which he put to the dark coloured puppy mentioned above, bred from Crack and Mabel, a daughter of Old Riot. A pup resulted, which was sold when a month old for half a crown. This youngster blossomed into Nellie, as good a bitch as ever ran on four legs, though a big one for modern fancy, and the dam of Nimrod (undoubtedly the best puppy of his year), Gripper, and others I could mention. Riot bred a whole host of good ones, including the aforesaid Mabel, whose temper outside her own family was so detestable that she could not be shown. There was no better bitch in her day, and years afterwards she died right away in Ireland in the bosom of the same family where she had been reared from puppyhood. A bitch named Olive (not Mr. Murchison's excellent animal of that name), Grove Ella, Cedric (whose breeder, pedigree, &c., are carelessly stated in the Stud Book to be unknown, she was sister to Sally (694); Viking, Bessie, Sally, prize winners and good terriers in other respects, were all from the same stock, and thus, with an original outlay of 5*l.* added to the purchase of Crack and Mac. II. for about 30*l.*, a fair kennel of fox terriers was got together. My dogs were always kept in the house, three or four at home, the remainder on board wages with cottagers and working men, who took as much interest in the dogs as myself, and so did their wives when

they found an extra honorarium for the children and herself at Christmas time.

In considering this method of bringing up puppies—and, indeed, in keeping terriers and small dogs—by far the best, I by no means stand alone. Most of our principal exhibitors now follow the plan, as being less likely to promote distemper and other disorders than when fifty or a hundred dogs are kept together. Then in the way of exercise, the "boarding out system" has many advantages, and the dogs so reared are more sensible and prove better showers and companions than when brought up in a kennel. Messrs. Clarke, whose successes with their fox terriers will be dealt with later on, adopt the same method, and, with the exception of some few favourites kept at home, all their dogs are in the keeping of cottagers and others, who do well to them, and are, of course, suitably rewarded for their pains and attention. Breeding generally from some twenty-five bitches, Messrs. Clarke have, thus, at least a couple of hundred puppies to select from annually—a formidable undertaking, no doubt.

So there is little difficulty in forming a strain of terriers, and only professional arrangements caused me to give up "dogs" and scatter the results of my few years' experience broadcast on the world. Some are knocking about this country still, others are in Russia and France, some even further away, in the Antipodes and in various parts of America, and, properly entered and taken care of, they will be sure to do their duty.

With the establishment of the Kennel Club in 1874, and of the Fox Terrier Club two years later, pedigrees came to be more reliable, new faces brought their terriers into the ring, and fresh strains came to be propounded. Some of

the old-fashioned blood which Mr. W. Allison and his brother-in-law, Mr. T. Scott, introduced from Yorkshire, did not nick well with other strains, though with Old Jester, Jester II. (whose dam was Lord Middleton's Vic, by Old Tartar—Vic, of the Grove and Lord Middleton's strain), and a big bitch called Frantic, the relatives were fairly successful. Possibly the two best terriers from this Yorkshire kennel were Fan (already mentioned) and X.L. The latter had at one time credentials to pose as one of the best of her day, and so good did some judges consider her that she was purchased by them from Mr. Allison at one of the Darlington shows for about 100*l.* Later, shown by Mr. S. Mendal, Manchester, she proved a great winner at a period of our history when favouritism in the ring now and then ruled the roast. X.L. (sister to Frantic), a tan-headed bitch, was born in 1870; her breeder's name is not given in the first volume of the Stud Book, but Mr. W. Allison bred her through a bitch named Nettle being mated to the favourite Jester, who was from Cottingham Nettle. The Cotswold favourite was also about this time sire of another good terrier, Mr. Arrowsmith's Satire, a first-rate bitch even amongst first-raters. Both Mr. Allison and Mr. Scott were keen sportsmen; they knew a terrier when they saw one, wrote nicely to the newspapers, and soon became authorities on fox terriers, and judges whenever they were asked to officiate.

Fox terriers were running about the streets of Nottingham forty years ago. I have mentioned that Mr. T. Wootton had them, and Mr. White, of Sherwood Rise, always kept several smart ones. Strangely, from the same old town the best to-day reach us. The Messrs. Clarke have there established a strain of their own,

which in many instances presents quite distinctive features. This result has been achieved by a peculiar, if not altogether an unusual course of in-breeding, a plan which, if properly carried out, has invariably led to improved personal appearance in dogs, pigs, horses, and cattle.

The Messrs. Clarke's chief success was when they bred between Brockenhurst Rally and Jess, the latter by Grip—Hazlehurst's Patch, and the former by Brokenhurst Joe—Moss II., though the Messrs. Clarke tell me that, strangely enough, the blood of one of the puppies with which they commenced in 1871, a grand-daughter of Rival, still runs through some of their terriers, and they can now put into the ring from twenty-five to thirty dogs of all ages, any one of them well worthy of a first prize. Time after time, too, they sell some of their favourites, and usually appear to have better to take their places. Brockenhurst Rally, after doing yeoman's service both in the prize ring and at stud, died in the summer of 1889, leaving a character behind him without a flaw. Result, possibly the best fox terrier ever bred, remains with them, a black-headed dog of extraordinary formation throughout. Some 17lb. in weight, though modelled like a little cart horse he loses no quality, the punishing power of his jaw is extraordinary, and his head is of great length and extra good shape; then his eyes are piercingly bright and expressive, though his dark markings are sadly against a smart appearance, which a white blaze down the face would improve immensely. His ribs, and loins, and back are excellent, so are his feet, and legs, and coat. The hypercritical find fault with the shape of the top of his head, saying it is a little too round; this is more in appearance than

RESULT.

in fact, arising from a rather low placement of the ears. Of late, Result has grown a little wide in front and heavy at the shoulders, which in close competition, under judges who can see no further than a dog's head and his fore-quarters, may lead to his downfall. Though he has been beaten twice by Mr. R. Vicary's Vesuvienne, of whom something will be said later on, Result is the best fox terrier I ever saw. Regent is another excellent dog of theirs, and so are Raffle, Reckon, and First Flight good terriers. The bitches from the same strain are sometimes rather lighter in bone than the dogs, and Rachel, the best of the sex they ever bred, money tempted them to send to America, though a *bona fide* offer of 1000*l.* from the same source for Result did not cause a sale. Other specially good bitches of theirs are Radiance, Recherche, Rosemary, Richmond Nettle, and Raillery.

Mr. F. Burbidge (London), in the earlier part of his career as an exhibitor, owed his success more to judicious purchases than otherwise, and he then owned some very good terriers, including Buff, Dorcas, and Bloom. During the past and present years he has proved particularly successful on the bench with dogs of his own breeding, and, during 1889 at any rate, has shown quite an ability to occupy the high position Mr. Murchison and Mr. Gibson had done years before. Personally, I have a strong liking for the class of terrier Mr. Burbidge has produced, his dogs being especially to my fancy. They are not too big, have immense strength of bone for their size, and no strain of modern fox terrier can approach his best specimens for length and correct shape of head, with powerfully strong jaws in proportion. With all this strength and muscle there is naturally a tendency to cobbiness and consequent

stiffness in action; but it is possible a generation or two of careful selection may remedy these trivial defects. The jackets and eyes of all Mr. Burbidge's terriers are excellent, and the tan-headed Hunton Prince (once shown as Syrup), bred by Mr. T. P. Morgan, was during the year 1889, one of the most typical terriers on the bench. The breeding of this dog is somewhat interesting, his sire, Hyssop, being by Spice, whilst Stile, the sire of his dam Lady, was by Pickle II.—Sample, the latter own sister to Nimrod and Gripper. This charming and workmanlike dog should be a success at the stud, if breeding is to be taken into consideration, and, mated to suitable bitches, there ought to be no fear as to the excellence of the progeny arising therefrom. Mr. J. C. Tinne (Hampshire) and Mr. F. Redmond (London), both successful exhibitors, have stuck pretty much to their favourite strains, so the chances are they will yet be able to do better than they have already done on the show benches in the way of uniformity of type; still, Grouse II., New Forest Ethel, Diadem, Lyndhurst Vixen, Diamond Dust, Dusky Spice, Dusky Trap, Dominie, and others are all terriers that anyone can well express his pride at possessing, the two first-named bitches being perhaps as good as anything of their sex we had showing during 1889, barring, of course, Vesuvienne.

Mr. E. M. Southwell (Shropshire), a painstaking and careful promoter of the fox terrier's excellence, has from time to time introduced so many new and excellent faces that his position must certainly be only below that of Messrs. Clarke. The wall-eyed bitch Sutton Viola was a great favourite of mine; so was old Shovel, notwithstanding his bad temper; and the young bitch Surety,

shown at Shrewsbury in December last, is about as neat a one as we have seen for some time, and, as I suggested in the first edition of this volume, has not been long in working her way into the challenge class. Mr. G. Raper (near Sheffield, Yorkshire), one of our very best judges, has time after time taken leading prizes in the ring; the bitch Richmond Olive he exported to America being, about five years ago, the best of her sex before the public. Just lately Mr. Raper appears to have got into an indifferent strain, some of his best dogs being coarse and inclined to be bull-terrier-like at the cheeks, whilst his bitches, as a rule, have been light of bone and stilty and stiff in their action.

Mr. J. A. Doyle (Crickhowel) already alluded to as the writer of the admirable article on fox terriers in the "Book of the Dog," if he has not succeeded in winning the grand challenge cup periodically offered at some leading shows, has produced terriers with jackets on them to keep their skin warm. Beggarman has a coat to be proud of—a smooth coat proper, close, and hard, and crisp and strong; one that gives the lie to those who say a thick coat must of necessity be soft and fluffy: and awful jackets have some of the minor terriers that occasionally win, such as will soak up a shower of rain like a sheet of blotting paper would do.

One of the bad coated dogs was Mr. Luke Turner's (Leicester) Spice, a wonder in head and ears and form, but with almost all his tail taken off and wofully weak in his pasterns, both before and behind. He did a lot of winning in his time, but doctors differed as to his merits, for I remember well enough at one of the Kennel Club shows the Rev. Cecil Legard dismissing him without a card. Mr. Turner has had many better dogs, including Patch, a

lovely bitch, which, owing to the confusion of names prior to the formation of the Kennel Club Stud Book, often gets mixed with others of the same name, and thus, perhaps, the credit of her excellence became divided. Delta was another far above the average, so was Richmond Liqueur, though a comparative puppy when she made her *début* at the Fylde, Lancashire, Show, in July, 1887, where the best judges pronounced her to be one of the most perfect terriers seen for some time, notwithstanding the fact that her tail, like that of Spice, was almost all cut off. Unfortunately, this promising young bitch died before she could make that mark likely to be hers. Richmond Jock was a cast off from the Leicester Kennels, but some judges liked him; I did not, excepting as an ordinary little terrier for a companion. His head was quite incorrect in shape.

If the Leicester Kennels have to survive through individuals, the dog to whom that honour will be due is the lately deceased Belgrave Joe. Belgrave Joe was much of the stamp of rare old Chance, but a better dog in every particular, though he never came on to the show bench, because in his early years one of his ears was supposed to have been tampered with. But Joe's life at Danes House was none the less happy because of the stain, and he lived there until old age carried him off to happy ratting grounds at the ripe old age of twenty years. I fancy through this dog comes most of the Belvoir blood so many persons value at the present time, for he was by Belvoir Joe out of White Vic, by Branson's Tartar—his Vic. Tartar was by Mr. Moore's (Appleby Hall) Ruler, from the Donnington huntsman's Fairy, whilst Branson's Vic was by Twister, some time with the Quorn, from another Vic that originally came from one of Lord Aveland's gamekeepers. This

was all the so-called working strain; and when we are told that most of these terriers were good looking to boot, less surprise is expressed at the value of their blood to-day. It may not be out of place here to say something about these Belvoir terriers, which, in the time of the huntsman W. Cooper, were bred with some care, as many of the earths in that country were strong, and a game dog was required to drive the fox from them. The main earth close to the Castle was supposed to be quite a sanctuary for a hunted fox, until a little dog, named Doc, went under after a strong vixen, and bundled her out without very much trouble, as the same dog did many others on subsequent occasions. Mr. T. Scott, who some years ago took particular interest in "Belvoir blood," says he was unable to trace the present breed of Belvoir terriers further back than some forty-five years ago, when Tom Goosey was the huntsman, but his Tyrant was a celebrity in his way, which later on went to Sir Thomas Whichcote, who, with this assistance, bred Belvoir Venom. Still, there is always considerable unreliability about these pedigrees of terriers before the Stud Books were published, as readers no doubt have noticed earlier on.

It was from such strains as these, then, that our somewhat impure "Belvoir blood" of the present day was produced, and from it came the dog previously mentioned, Belgrave Joe, by many admirers supposed to have been the most perfect fox terrier ever produced. Be this as it may, there is no doubt he was a very first-class terrier, and, at any rate, well within the first dozen champions. The Fox Terrier Stud Book says Joe was bred by Mr. Luke Turner; the dog, born July 31st, 1868, was bred by John Branson, and purchased from him, when advancing in years and

rendered impotent from disease, for 20*l*. Previously, on more than one occasion, Mr. Turner had offered a hundred pound note for Joe, but when he went to Danes Hill the prospects of his recovery were not great. However, Joe was taken into the house, and survived to the good old age already mentioned. Weighing about 18lb., he had a tan-marked head, a white body, and, what I always liked, was a trifle high on the legs (terriers are more active when so built); his neck was a little too short to please some fastidious tastes. In other respects he was perfect; shoulders, legs, feet, eyes, character, bone, coat, and form all correct; strong and powerful in his jaw, so admirably in keeping with his other proportions, that he appeared to be without an atom of coarseness about him. He handed his good looks down to his sons and grandsons and great grandsons and daughters, and at the present time there are few of our leading fox terriers that have not, on one side or another, some drop or more of the old dog's blood coursing through their veins.

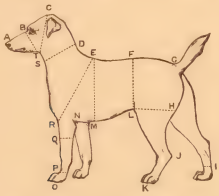
Round about Leicester the Pickle strain was at one time a favourite, but did not appear to be of much use in the long run, for, although Pickle II. was an unusual success at the stud, I fancy he owed this to other dogs rather than to old Pickle himself, who was by Old Trap—Fury, said to be from Goosey's Belvoir blood. Pickle II., owned by Mr. Turner, and later by the Rev. Owen Smith, a short, bandy legged, long bodied dog, with an unusually long well marked black and tan head, was by Tyrant IV. (brother to Burbidge's Nettle), from Olive (sister to Brockenhurst Joe), by Belgrave Joe—Tricksy, by Chance—Ruby, by Old Jock. So what blood could be better? and no wonder Pickle II. proved most successful at the stud by siring such dogs as Volo,

VESUVIENNE.

Deacon Nettle, Daisy, Lady Grace, Diamond Dust, Partney Puzzle, Peggotty, and others.

Devonshire—for years celebrated for the sporting proclivities of its inhabitants—has always held some good terriers; probably, however, none so good for work and play (showing is play) as are now to be found on Messrs. Vicary's premises near Newton Abbot. From their kennels during the past twenty years many good terriers have sprung, animals which not only have been able to hold their own on the show bench, but could work underground whenever called upon so to do. Veni and Velasquez, were far above the average in appearance, but the best of all shown by the brothers is the white bitch Vesuvienne, who made her *début* at Leicester two years ago, when she won several prizes, and has had a most successful career since, on two occasions beating Result for the fifty-guinea challenge cup. Vesuvienne, bred by her owner, a white bitch of 16¾lb. weight, is a little long in the body, and not quite nice behind the shoulders. In other respects there is no fault to be found with her, excepting that perhaps the absence of markings on her head gives a somewhat bull terrier-like appearance, and she is a little cow-hocked. Her legs, bone, coat, shoulders, &c., are superb, her loins are fairly strong and powerful. But what I like in her best is the extra thick growth of hair on the neck, a protection which all working terriers should possess. Huntsmen consider her a model; some good judges think her the best terrier ever shown. I believe her to be inferior to Result. In gameness, I am told, nothing can excel her, but she is of course too valuable a piece of goods to trust to the by no means tender mercies of fox and badger underground.

In the summer of 1889, another terrier of more than ordinary excellence was introduced from Messrs. Vicary's kennels, viz., a white puppy named Venio, by Vesuvian—Venilia. After being brought out at a local exhibition in Devonshire, Venio was brought to London, where he won in all the classes for which he was entered at the Kennel Club's Show, in the end securing the challenge cup likewise, the latter awarded to the best smooth-coated fox terriers of all classes. Venio was then but ten months old, but he sustained his reputation later on, when he won most of the chief prizes at Birmingham in the winter of the same year. A fatality soon after attended his dam, who was run over by a baker's cart and killed. The Devonshire men said "the loss of this bitch was little short of a national calamity."



About fourteen years ago, the late Mr. Edward Sandell, an excellent judge of a terrier, writing under the *nom de plume* of Caractacus, obtained the measurements, with the heights and weights of about forty of the principal fox terriers at that time, and from them struck a general average. These measurements were made in accordance with the figures on the above diagram.

The averages thus obtained from the forty terriers were as follows:

From tip of nose to corner of eye (AB)	2¾in.
From corner of eye to occiput (BC)	4⅜in.
From occiput to shoulder (CE)	5¾in.
From shoulder to root of stern (EG)	13½in.
Round muzzle under eye (BT)	7½in.
Round skull (CT)	12⅝in.
Round neck (DS)	12⅝in.
Round shoulder (ER)	20⅜in.
Round chest (EM)	20½in.
Round loins (FL)	18⅜in.
Round forehand (Q)	5 in.
Round pastern (P)	3⅜in.
Round hind pastern (I)	2⅜in.
Height (E to ground)	14½in.
Hock (J to ground)	4½in.
Weight—according to condition	17 to 20lb.

Rattler, at that time, was in his zenith, and, although there was always a coterie around his bench, ready and willing to pull him to pieces and run him down, he came well through his ordeal of measurement, as the following figures show, from A to B 2⅜in., B to C 3⅜in., C to E 5¼in., E to G 13¾in. Round BT 7½in., TC 12½in., DS 13in., EM 21in., ER 21¾in., FL 16½in. Round Q 4⅝in., round P 3½in., round I 2⅜in., J to ground 4½in., weight 20lb., height 15in.

Buffer, Saxon, General, Diver, Jester II., Bitters, Yorick, and Scamp, were among the next best measurers. The longest faced dog was Sarcogen, who measured 8in. in all; he was a 23lb. dog, far too big, and otherwise ungainly in shape. His head was not only of this great length, but was almost perfect in shape and expression, but he stood too high on his legs, had an ugly stern, and was cowhocked,

a fault inherited from his dam, Mabel, who was by Crack —Riot, by Old Trap. Mac II. was sire of this fine headed dog, and the writer had the pleasure of breeding him, he being of the same litter as Cedric, Sally, and Bessie, all prize winners in their day.

Now, although I do not for a moment believe that certain measurements can constitute a perfect terrier, such may, perhaps, be the means of giving some would-be exhibitors a little insight into what they are about to undertake. Now that the above figures have been reproduced, it will be at any rate interesting to see how they compare with our two leading celebrities of the present era, viz., Mr. A. H. Clark's well known dog Result, and Messrs. Vicary's equally celebrated bitch Vesuvienne.

Result.		Vesuvienne.	
AB	3 in.	AB	2⅞in.
BC	5 in.	BC	4½in.
CE	6⅝in.	CE	8 in.
EG	12½in.	EG	11 in.
BT	7⅞in.	BT	6½in.
CT	10⅜in.	CT	10 in.
DS	10½in.	DS	10 in.
ER	18 in.	ER	18⅜in.
EM	18⅜in.	EM	18 in.
FL	15⅛in.	FL (round waist)	12 in.
Q	4⅜in.	Q	4¾in.
P	3 in.	P	2⅞in.
I	2⅞in.	I	2⅝in.
E to ground	14 in.	E to ground	14½in.
J to ground	3⅜in.	J to ground	4½in.
Weight	16 lb.	Weight	16¼lb.

These measurements of our two best modern terriers compare very favourably with those of a dozen or so years ago, and especially so far as the head is concerned. As

to Result, her owner tells me that the length of the head is actually 7¼in., but in the two measurements he comes out 8in., through taking the tape from eye to occiput across the skull, which is 5in.; length of nose 3in. Mr. Sandell, when he compiled his figures, did not include any bitches, so, her sex taken into consideration, Vesuvienne comes out even better, and I am sure that all admirers of the fox terrier, will, as I do, thank Messrs. Clark and Vicary for the trouble they have taken in obtaining the measurements.

I suppose there is little necessity to remind any of my readers, that even if they do possess a fox terrier with a head 7¼in. in length, that stands 14½in. in height from the ground to the shoulders, and weighs 16lb., they do not, of a certainty, own a champion. Possibly, when this volume has been carefully perused, any uncertainty its readers have possessed as to the merits of their favourites may have been removed.

So much for figures alone. If one cannot select the best animals by means of numerals, can we do so by the means of points, or by any process at all? Points by which to judge are well enough in theory, but sadly out of place in practice, being wearisome, and thoroughly uncertain, for it is quite as much a matter of opinion as to how many points one may give for a certain property, as it is of the general excellence of the animal. A certain judge will say "That dog has a good head," and award the complement of points accordingly; another will say "No, his head is not perfect, it is too thick or too narrow (as the case may be) round the skull," and he only awards three-fourths of the full number of points, and so the thing goes on. The British public likes figures, and there is a show

of learning about tables which is, however, rather apt to lead people astray.

A couple of years or so ago the editor of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle* endeavoured to find out the ten best terriers by the aid of his readers, an ingenious and interesting device, but even he and the instigators of his idea did not, I fancy, find perfection in arriving at the result sought to be achieved. Each reader of the journal in question was allowed to give one vote each for ten fox terriers he thought to be the best. In the end forty-one papers were duly filled in and signed. These included sixty-seven names of dogs, and at the head of all came the bitch Dorcas, for whom thirty-seven individuals voted; Mr. Luke Turner's favourite, Spice, followed with thirty-five; Mr. Murchison's old bitch, Olive, being third on the list with thirty-four. Then came Buffet, thirty-three; Result, thirty-one; Richmond Jack, seventeen; Lucifer, seventeen; Richmond Olive, sixteen; Richmond Liqueur, sixteen; Nettle, fifteen; and Belgrave Joe, fifteen. Such excellent animals were behind these as Rachel, Rattler, Sutton Veda, Brockenhurst Sting, Brockenhurst Joe, Jock, Nectar, Foiler, The Belgravian, Tyrant, Fussy, Pincher, Bedlamite, Regent, Grove Nettle, Hornet, and Bloom. Whilst Tartar, Chance, Tyke, Nimrod, XL., May, Sam, Old Trap, Bellona, Hazlehurst's Patch, Diamond, to my idea, considerably better than at least four of the selected ones, with a host of others I could name nearly or quite as good, never obtained a vote at all. Vesuvienne had not made a public appearance at the time the plebiscite was taken, so was not affected thereby.

A perusal of these figures and names sets one a thinking. Surely the forty-one voters must have been sadly

partial to one strain, or at any rate peculiarly forgetful of the past, and twenty years is not far to hark back, and, lolling in a cosy chair, reproduce to our minds the mighty champions which made the name of the fox terrier famous in every household. Did those who gave a line to Belgrave Joe ever remember hearing of a dog called Chance, Joe's very image without the bar sinister the mutilated ear entailed? Did the seventeen responsible citizens who ventured their opinions for Lucifer ever hear of Tyrant, a better dog in every way than the Rev. C. T. Fisher's whilom favourite? And so could one go on. Richmond Jack, a cast-off from the Leicester kennels, obtained seventeen votes; Tartar and Nimrod were worth a score of him, and fairly and squarely judged could beat him any day in the week. Surely then we should require a jury of experts to select the ten best smooth-coated fox terriers that have been before the public during the last quarter of a century.

Good as Belgrave Joe no doubt was, he could not be one of these, for he was never exhibited on the bench. Comparatively few persons ever saw him in the flesh, and his reputation cannot be lowered by being omitted from the list. The jury of experts is not at hand, so as far as in my power lies I will arrogate their supposititious duty to myself, and simply say that I consider the following are the ten best fox terriers I ever saw. At the head of all Result shall be placed, and then come Old Jock, Chance, Tyrant, Dorcas, Buffet, Olive, Venture, Richmond Olive, and Vesuvienne. But one half of these are amongst the selected by the gallant forty-one, and I venture to say that not a single individual out of that odd number will have the temerity to say that the *Fox Terrier Chronicle's* list is a better selection than mine.

The ten dogs I have named were or are all-round good ones, neither too big, nor too little, nor, so far as I am aware, do they bear any brand which would prevent them occupying the highest position on any show bench in the world. Pincher I would have included, but he had but one eye when I saw him. Rattler should have been in the list had he been two pounds less in weight, and Tyke's brindled patch debarred him, in my humble opinion, from figuring amongst the immortals. Spice had a soft coat, and no tail to speak of. Richmond Liqueur had the latter defect almost intensified, and was but a puppy when she died. Richmond Jack's head and face were quite out of shape when compared with those a perfect fox terrier should possess. Lucifer is not class enough to be included, but I am not quite so certain about Nettle, and little harm would be done were her name included in place of the vilified Venture. However, here is the list I have been asked to compile. I believe it to contain the names of the ten best fox terriers I ever saw—*i.e.*, so far as the show ring is concerned. Their credentials by mountain and meadow may form another theme. If they were not "workmen" in the usual sporting acceptation of the term, I can only say—their looks belied them.

Almost every district in Great Britain contains at the present time some one or other who, to the emolument of the railway companies more than his own, shows terriers. I think a fair list of the leading kennels of smooths has already been given, but in addition to those mentioned as owners or breeders of smooth-coated terriers—the wire-hairs shall have a chapter to themselves—are Mr. W. Arkwright (near Chesterfield), Messrs. Hill and Ashton (Sheffield), Rev. C. T. Fisher, Rev. Owen Smith, the

Messrs. Pim (Ireland), Mr. J. B. Dale (Darlington), Mr. Herbert Bright (Scarborough), Mr. C. Burgess (Spilsby), Mr. H. S. Whipp (Scotland), Mr. J. F. Scott (Carlisle), Mr. J. G. Monson (York), Mr. Theodore Bassett (Surrey), Mr. J. R. Whittle (Middlesex), Capt. Openshaw (Lancashire), Mr. A. R. Wood, Capt. Frazer, Mr. Astley, Mr. F. Waddington (Durham), Mr. Jack Terry, Mr. A. Hargreaves, Mr. J. J. Stott (Manchester), Mr. R. Chorley (Kendal), Mr. D. H. Owen (Shrewsbury), Mr. A. Ashton (Cheshire), the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (Yorkshire), Mr. T. Hopkinson, Mr. Joe Forman, Mr. W. Hulse; and in the United States of America, Mr. A. Belmont, jun., has not only got together a fine kennel, but in addition he imported a clever English manager, German Hopkins, to look after its inmates. Australia and New Zealand have proved themselves thoroughly English by their importations of fox terriers, and in due course we may expect to find these colonies throwing down the gauntlet to the old country in friendly rivalry on the show bench, as they have done with such success in the cricket field and on the water. Some of our French and German friends have also taken kindly to the little dog, and at many of the continental shows, specimens of more than average merit are continually met with.

All I have written must surely convey an impression that at the present time the smooth-coated fox terrier is the most popular quadruped ever existent. There is an ably conducted newspaper published each month called the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*, the organ of the variety; there are at least ten fox terrier clubs in being, and every other man you meet in the street considers himself a right good judge of the variety. Who would ever have thought all this

could have sprung from the few fox terriers shown at Birmingham only twenty-five years ago; but time works changes, and no one can tell how the fancy dog may be a quarter of a century hence.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOX TERRIER CLUB'S SCALE OF POINTS—GENERAL OPINIONS—WITH OTTER HOUNDS—MR. VICARY'S OPINION—CHARLEY LITTLEWORTH ON TERRIERS—WORKING AND TRAINING—COURSING RABBITS.

THOSE who desire to see the fox terrier as he is or ought to be, have had their wishes gratified by the portraits of Result and Vesuvienne on preceding pages; a dog and a bitch that by common consent are at the present time (1890) allowed to be our two best specimens of their variety. Both have already been described, and my opinion as to the respective merits of the two is pretty well known. Result is my favourite, and when he first appeared in public I pronounced him such an extraordinary dog that his like would not be seen for many years. His owners believed the same, and the correctness of the opinions then expressed has been amply borne out. It is only natural for the Messrs. Vicary to believe their bitch to be the better of the couple, and there are two or three fair judges who agree with them. However, the portraits of both are good, and readers can make their own selection, and when they have done so,

perhaps interest may be found in comparing both or either with the description and points of the smooth fox terrier as drawn up and adopted by the Fox Terrier Club. These are as follows :

DESCRIPTION.

1. *Head.*—The *skull* should be flat and moderately narrow; broader between the ears, and gradually decreasing in width to the eyes. Not much "stop" should be apparent; but there should be more dip in the profile, between the forehead and top jaw, than is seen in the case of a greyhound. The *ears* should be V-shaped, and rather small; of moderate thickness, and dropping forward closely to the cheek, not hanging by the side of the head, like a foxhound's. The *jaw* should be strong and muscular, but not too full in the cheek; should be of fair punishing length, but not so as in any way to resemble the greyhound's or modern English terrier's. There should not be much falling away below the eyes; this part of the head should, however, be moderately chiselled out, so as not to go down in a straight slope like a wedge. The *nose*, towards which the muzzle must slightly taper, should be black. The *eyes* should be dark rimmed, small, and rather deep set; full of fire and life. The *teeth* should be level and strong.

2. *Neck*, clean and muscular, without throatiness, of fair length, and gradually widening to the shoulders.

3. *Shoulders*, fine at the points, long and sloping. The chest deep, but not broad.

4. *Back*, short, straight, and strong, with no appearance of slackness behind the shoulders; the loin broad, powerful, and very slightly arched. The dog should be well ribbed up with deep back ribs, and should not be flat-sided.

5. *Hind quarters*, strong and muscular, quite free from droop or crouch; the thighs long and powerful; hocks near the ground, the dog standing well up on them, like a foxhound, without much bend in the stifles.

6. *Stern*, set on rather high, and carried gaily; but not over the back, or curled. It should be of good strength, anything approaching a pipe-stopper tail being especially objectionable.

7. *Legs*, viewed in any direction, must be straight, showing little or no appearance of ankle in front. They should be large in bone throughout, the elbows working freely just clear of the side. Both fore and hind legs should be carried straight forward in travelling, the stifles not turning outwards. The feet should be round, compact, and not too large; the toes moderately arched, and turned neither in nor out. There should be no dew claws behind.

8. *Coat*, should be smooth, but hard, dense, and abundant.

9. *Colour.*—White should predominate. Brindle, red, or liver markings are objectionable. Otherwise this point is of little or no importance.

Symmetry, Size, and Character.—The dog must present a generally gay, lively, and active appearance. Bone and strength in a small compass are essentials; but this must not be taken to mean that a fox terrier should be cloggy, or in any way coarse. Speed and endurance must be looked to as well as power, and the symmetry of the foxhound taken as a model. The terrier, like the hound, must on no account be leggy; neither must he be too short in the leg. He should stand like a cleverly-made hunter—covering a lot of ground, yet with a short back,

as before stated. He will thus attain the highest degree of propelling power, together with the greatest length of stride that is compatible with the length of his body. Weight is not a certain criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work. General shape, size, and contour are the main points; and if a dog can gallop and stay, and follow his fox, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so, though, roughly speaking, it may be said he should not scale over 20lb. in show condition.

Disqualifying Points.

1. *Nose*, white, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colours.
2. *Ears*, prick, tulip, or rose.
3. *Mouth*, much undershot or overshot.

The above points and descriptions, though carefully drawn up by a consensus of authorities, are somewhat conflicting, especially where stated that the teeth should be level and strong, for later on in the disqualifying points we are told that, only for being "much undershot or overshot" should disqualification take place. Ninety-nine judges out of a hundred will disqualify a dog however little undershot he may be, and quite right too; instances where they have not done so have only occurred where the judge has failed to notice the defect. Terriers a little overshot or "pig-jawed" are not so severely treated, though, of course, a perfectly level mouth is an advantage.

The Club has not issued a numerical scale of points specially for the smooth variety, and, although judging thereby I believe to be a fallacy, because there is likely to be as much difference of opinion as to the number of points to be allowed separately as collectively, the following

apportionment is to my idea about correct, although it differs somewhat from those compiled by other writers.

Head, jaw, and ears, value 20; neck, 5; shoulders and chest, 10; back and loin 10; stern and hind-quarters 10; legs and feet, 15; coat, 10; size, symmetry, and character, 20.—Total 100.

Little additional is there now to be said as to the smooth fox terrier, and my general experience of him as a dog is, that properly trained and entered he cannot yet be beaten. Of course, there are soft-hearted fox terriers as there are pointers and setters that may be gun-shy, but such are as much the exception in one case as the other. That he is so little used in actual fox hunting is a matter to deplore. Some time ago when reading that volume of the Badminton library which deals with hunting, I was mightily surprised to see so little allusion to terriers. Yet the writer, the Duke of Beaufort, is a hunting man, one who loves to hear his hounds singing in their kennels at night, and is never so happy as when the favourite flowers of his pack are making it warm for bold reynard across the meadows of the Midlands. Terriers are only mentioned three times throughout the volume—in one place where they are recommended as assistants to harriers when trying along a hedgerow, again, as likely to be useful to the earthstopper, and on a third occasion as requisites for otter hunting. This neglect notwithstanding, a good fox terrier can still be useful in driving a fox from a drain, and our modern strains may do their duty as well as the best that ever ran between John o' Groats and Land's End. When once properly entered a fox terrier never seems happy until he gets it—the fox—driven from his lurking place underground.

Most of the modern kennels scarcely contain a soft-

hearted terrier, and many of these terriers are regularly trained, broken to ferrets and rabbiting, whilst some few are seen hanging at the skirts of hounds to follow their legitimate avocation. Mr. Vicary will tell us of some of their work in Devonshire; in Westmorland I had terriers which were as good as his, though my experience gave me the impression that a really hard season with otter hounds was more than a smooth-coated modern fox terrier could stand. A little dog I had, Tom Firr by name, so-called after that well-known huntsman, and because the terrier's dam was Spruce, was well tried; he ran with the Kendal otter hounds at least two seasons, and kennelled with them too. The cold limestone streams of the north were too much for him at times; and, though an extraordinarily, sturdily-made, great-boned little fellow, he had often to be carried at the end of a hard day. He was keen, too keen, for he would swim with the hounds like one of themselves, and was, perhaps, knocked up when his proper duties were only about being required. All terriers should be kept in a leash whilst hounds are running, and their strength reserved until the time comes for them to go to ground. They may have hard work to drive a fox, certainly such is before them if the otter has reached his stronghold. The otter, too, requires more than barking and baiting to drive him, and I have had smooth terriers that would stay with an otter till the roll-call, baying him all the time and showing his whereabouts, but never fighting him and driving their antagonist into the open. The terrier just alluded to was quite five hours at an otter under a harbour of roots, the only one out with hounds that day that would really go to ground. There he yelped and barked himself hoarse, and, do what the hunters would, the otter would not budge—

even jumping on the ground overhead was not sufficient to stir him. Then a messenger was sent a distance of four miles or more for another terrier, which arriving fresh on the scene, in due course, sniffed into the hole, waggled his tail, went out of sight, and in five minutes a great big otter bolted, both terriers, amid loud tally-ho's, following their game into the pool, where, after a fine swim and hunt he was in due course killed. I have seen fox terriers bark rats out of a tree root, and even out of a hole, and my old bitch Riot was a curiosity in this way, for she would stuff her nose into a hole or opening of any kind, and there give tongue loudly enough almost to rouse the Seven Sleepers. Anyhow she usually alarmed the rats, which plumped into the water and were then soon killed. She was as quick as lightning at this game, and in the sport of boyhood's days she quite broke the heart of a favourite bull terrier of mine, also a keen rat hunter, by killing every one before he could get near them. This went on so long and to such an extent that the bull terrier ultimately refused to hunt at all when Riot was present, and so he was sent away. As a watch dog in a Lancashire warehouse I am told he did not prove a success.

Riot I had well-nigh lost, and when she was heavy in pup too. We had a few rats in the cellar at home, and the old bitch was fond of watching for them as they came out of a small hole in the wall. She had been missed for an hour or so, and going down into the aforesaid cellar there was the terrier with her head tightly jammed in a hole so small that one would wonder how even a rat could get through. There the poor thing was as fast as possible, and I had sent a servant for a neighbouring mason to bring his hammer and tools to free her, when just before his arrival

I managed to get her released. She had, no doubt, rushed with such force and at so great a pace towards a rat disappearing in the hole that her head became jammed as we found it. Luckily Riot, excepting for some slight abrasions, was little the worse for her accident, and I need scarcely say that "hole in the wall" was carefully plastered up.

Of course there are some terriers that will take more naturally to work than others, but any of mine, when once they got to go underground, could scarcely be kept above the surface. The son of old Brockenhurst Rally, who distinguished himself during a run with the Belvoir two seasons ago, must have been one of the precocious variety. He was only about seven months old when the above hounds ran a fox to ground in a drain near to where the puppy (one of the Messrs. Clarke's), was being reared. Without any preparatory lesson, when asked to do so, the pup speedily followed reynard through all the sinuosities of a long drain, ultimately bolting him, and this much to the delight of the field. Mr. A. H. Clarke also tells me that some few years ago he had a tan marked bitch, "Gedling Tidy," who ran for seven seasons with the South Notts hounds, and was so staunch to fox that she would never look at ground game of any kind. By no means was it unusual for this same bitch, when hounds were at fault, to work out a cold line, and actually lead the pack across the first field, when, scent becoming warmer, of course the hounds soon left their little friend in the rear.

No doubt Tidy was a bitch far beyond the ordinary standard, and when she died she bore the hall-marks of her excellence. Still, any one who has kept and worked terriers will be able to enlarge upon equally doughty deeds their

favourites have accomplished. I was once offered a good looking bitch, whose excellences were pointing partridges and retrieving them when shot. Some of my own have often been found useful on a grouse moor late in the season, working within twenty yards, and preventing the sly old cocks running back and getting up with a "whirr" and a "beck-beck" behind you. Many a pheasant, too, has the same white little dog found; and to see his stumpy tail going from side to side was a certain sign that game was about. This same terrier, though taking water freely, did not care about leaping from a bank. A cock pheasant had, to a "neat right" of a friend of mine, fallen into the river, at that time running in flood and at a great pace. Grip was there on the bank, and leaning down I let him drop some four feet into the stream. He knew where the "longtail" was floating away sea-wards, and, striking out, soon had him in his jaws. It was hard work with such a mouthful making his way against the current, but swimming by the side, he came up to me, and, leaning over, I took the bird from him and then lifted the clever little dog on to *terra firma*. Shaking himself and being caressed for his excellent performance, he was not long before he was bustling the rabbits about in a thick and prickly piece of covert. A modern smooth-haired fox terrier will do duty of any kind equally as well as any other terrier, if properly trained and brought up so to do; but for work in the rain and water, labourers' rough duty in fact, he will not be found so hardy as the cross-bred animal of some of the best strains, but in going to ground I think he surpasses all others.

Time after time has it been stated that the "show dog" is a fraud when he has to earn his living in driving foxes

and killing vermin. Possibly he may be so, for an owner with a terrier worth a couple of hundred pounds is scarcely likely to run any risk with him. In an earth he may be smothered by a fall of soil or crushed by some displacement of rock; and in killing the largest descriptions of vermin, foulmarts, and the like, his ears may be split and his face torn. If scars on the latter do give an appearance of gameness, they do not enhance his beauty, and after all, the latter goes a long way on the show bench. A commoner and less valuable dog will do the work equally well, and if he be killed or maimed no great loss results to his owner, such as would arise on a champion's destruction. Still he will always kill his rat and hunt his rabbit, and what pleasanter occupation can he have? Nowadays the fox terrier has his chief value as a "show dog," and his breed is not sustained with so much care as formerly for the sole purpose of driving the otter from his hold and the fox from his earth. His money worth is great, he is a pleasing animal as a companion, and, let his detractors say all they can and do what they may, I for one do not believe that the popularity of the fox terrier is likely to wane—and no dog is healthier and easier to rear, more certain to live to a good old age, and give satisfaction both as companion and guard to his owner and to his owner's goods. His sprightliness and handsomeness have made him a fashionable beauty, his agreeable disposition and good temper enable him to sustain his position and perform his *role* satisfactorily, and doing so he may well be left for the present.

Mr. Robert Vicary, who will be recognised as the owner of Vesuvienne and other noteworthy terriers, supplies the following interesting notes, and it is gratifying to find the

opinions already expressed by me, so fully borne out by so great an authority.

"As you must first catch your hare before you can cook him, so it is necessary in this case, to look round at those puppies you have at walk, which should be well out in the country where the youngsters, able to prepare for a life of some hardship, are founding a constitution which will be necessary for the work with hounds. Select those the size required for the country they will work, for different districts require different sizes, and give preference to those which have good legs and feet, good neck and shoulders, back and loins, and above all possess a thoroughly hard texture of coat and a thick skin. A stern too gaily carried is to be avoided; I have rarely found dogs with sterns so carried of staunch courage; and avoid a shallow-ribbed tucked-up youngster. Having selected suitable-looking puppies fully thirteen or fourteen months old, let them go into the foxhound kennels, June or July is the best time, the dogs with the dog hounds, and the bitches with the lady pack. They will now have daily exercise out with the hounds, and get used to running with them in an orderly manner before cubbing commences. The huntsman, too, will have several opportunities of giving the terriers a turn in some earths or drains that can be run through without mischief. During the first season too much must not be expected in cases where terriers run; it takes time to accustom them to the country, and to be well up when wanted. Still I have known many that have entered promptly, and bolted their fox on the first opportunity, and also some that have been of no practical service until their second season when they have turned out the very best.

"As regards badger work, I prefer a two-year-old, and

merely take out a couple of novices when working old hands. The former listen, and when the fun begins in earnest, one of the right sort soon shows that he is desirous of joining in the fray. If the earth be large enough then let him in with a good leader. Our method generally is when the terrier has got up to the badger, and you can hear he is keeping him well engaged, to commence digging and let down a shaft over the spot. I have often seen this done to a nicety, and on clearing carefully the last portion of the soil, found the heads of both badger and terrier in view jaw to jaw. Then if you have confidence in your dog lean over, with one hand obtain a firm hold of the neck of the badger, pass the other hand on to the scut and let your friend pull you badger and all on to the level. Then, disengaging the terrier, pop the 'grey back' into a sack. If there be any doubt as to the terrier maintaining his hold, tongs had better be used to save your hands from 'teeth that bite and claws that scratch.'

"I have known a single terrier, 'Lancer,' a winner of several prizes seventeen or eighteen years ago, a son of Old Dame's, said to be a daughter of Jock's, drive a badger out of a drain made for foxes, more than once. On one occasion we had no knowledge that a 'grey back' was at home, and merely put Lancer in to see if a fox was there, and were without any appliances. On hearing that a battle royal was being waged we sent for a sack and the 'tongs,' and these arrived in the nick of time, for the badger retreated, his face towards Lancer, his stern towards us. When he was within reach I embraced the opportunity and the game was soon out in the open, but not until my strength was nearly exhausted at holding him ('well off you, at arm's length, mind!'), a struggling, twisting brute,

did the sack arrive. He managed to give my groom a snip through the thumb during the operation of bagging.

"An old disused mine shaft is often a favourite haunt of badgers. I remember trying a very large shaft with Remus, another well-known terrier, Tyrant's son Sam, the above-named Lancer, Pearl, by Diver—Racket, also a winner, with another brace, both by Lancer, but unknown on the show bench. Here all our efforts were of no avail, it was impossible to dig, and we could only hope that the united efforts of the terriers might drive the badger out. However, there were several in the place, and after some hours of waiting, and despairing of ever seeing one of the terriers again, we fairly gave up all hope. At last faint moans could be heard, the ubiquitous small boy was happily at hand, and induced by a liberal bribe to venture down the shaft a few yards, crawling on his hands and knees, a candle on the end of a long pole being pushed on in front to show him the way. Lancer, Remus, and Pearl were thus passed out more dead than alive, the two sons of the former were quite dead! Lancer, as soon as the water and fresh air had somewhat revived him, was just entering the shaft for another turn at his enemies, when I caught sight of him in time to haul him back by his stern. Never have I seen terriers so mauled. These three were cut to pieces almost, and for weeks had to be fed with a spoon, as their lips had to be sewn-up.

"On a subsequent occasion I was tempted to try this same earth again; Veni, Valetta, Vedette, Victor Chief, all 'show dogs,' being the terriers used. After a couple of hours' work, in which we could hear 'our dogs' hard at their game, we discovered the battle was being waged near the outlet, and sure enough a badger's scut was

soon apparent and promptly seized, and the owner hauled out *nolens volens*. It proved to be a monster, the biggest, handsomest, fattest badger I ever handled—32lb. was his weight. To our intense astonishment, not a terrier was badly injured; all the evening this was the topic of a wondering confab; how was it? Well, subsequent inspection of this mighty badger showed that he was toothless, save for a much worn pair of 'holders.'

"I had news of a badger in a fox earth one day, and arranged with some hunting friends to come and dislodge the gentleman. Punctually at the time named I put in Victor Chief, there being room for but one terrier at a time to work. My friends on their arrival, twenty-five minutes late, were introduced to the 'grey gentleman in a sack,' much to their surprise.

"Victor Chief was the very best terrier at badger work under or above ground I ever saw or heard of. A good-looking dog, he was winner of several first prizes, and his pedigree goes back to Mr. Chaworth Musters' Old Victor, to Trumps, Tyrant, Moss, and Foiler on his sire's (Young Victor) side. Whilst on that of his dam Vice, the blood of Old Trap, Trumps again, Tartar, Fairy II., Belvoir Jock, Branson's Nettle, with old Jock and Grove Nettle, is to be found. No wonder, then, that with such an ancestry both the spirit and the flesh were willing and able to do or die whenever occasion offered. Lancer was almost fully as good, both game to the death, as were a score I could enumerate, but in no terrier have I found the pluck, intelligence, and enormous endurance combined as in Victor Chief. Vice, his dam, was the next best to these. Village Belle, Vedette, Velasquez, Spiteful, by Old Sam, mentioned already, Veni, Belgrave Dinah, Virginia, Boaster,

own brother to Buffett, were all terriers that have won on the show bench and which I have seen at work and proved as 'good as gold.'

"As regards many of our show terriers of the present time, 'in-breeding' and lack of opportunity have done much to deteriorate their stamina and working qualities, but there is no doubt whatever, that anyone desirous of breeding a team of good-looking workers would find plenty of the right material amongst the fox terriers to be found so abundantly at any of our modern shows. As a rule, the show terriers are most carefully nursed from their infancy, and no risks run of injury from any source. Soon after seven months old, sometimes even earlier, their public career commences, and if continual knocking about in a dog box and on the bench does not soften a dog, what will? I do not approve of showing young puppies, and prefer them reared by cottagers in the country, where they literally are allowed to run wild. Those so brought up will, when first chained, behave like a fox under similar conditions. They possess constitution, nerve, and more terrier character than the pampered nursling who, before he has finished changing his teeth, has made the acquaintance of many show rings, and never tackled anything harder than a bone or an unsoaked dog biscuit.

"The great point to be borne in mind by the present generation of fox terrier breeders, is not to out-Herod Herod in the race to obtain quality. Do not 'quality' your terriers until there is nothing else left. Unwise critics, who have no care for, or knowledge of what constitutes, a working terrier, are often saying such and such a dog 'is a trifle coarse.' When such a remark is heard or read, let my sporting friend give an eye to the dog so described.

The chances are he is really a good one, with bone, coat, and substance, who perhaps looks a trifle manly when compared with the weak-headed, vacuous looking, effeminate weed alongside him. The great risks fanciers of any breed always run, are that exaggerated developments of certain points are preserved to the detriment of what I may term that breed's original form and character. We do not want to improve a variety 'off the face of the earth,' and I sincerely hope that, in fox terriers, a later race of owners may be able to say that wisdom has been shown in the present day by breeders sticking to working characteristics as the leading essential in a fox terrier. I am fully assured that at the present moment there is plenty of good material, and that I could as readily get a strong team of workers together as at any time during my twenty years' experience."

The Littleworths have for generations been a family of huntsmen, and although following their respective masters in keeping their hounds up to a high standard of excellence, have never forgotten their admiration for the fox terrier. Time after time the present representative of the house, Charles Littleworth, Wembworthy, North Devon, has found occasions when the little dog was a necessity, so he has always kept some few running about, many of them good enough to more than hold their own in public competition. Yes, Charley Littleworth is one of the few modern huntsmen who know the fox terrier in his two aspects, as a show dog and as a worker. His opinion thereon I give in his own words, and the only preface they need is the statement that he has taken an interest in and kept fox terriers for a quarter of a century.

"The fox terrier at the present day has attained, by

'fine breeding' (in-breeding), too great a delicacy and too high an excellency in fineness of coat and bone for really hard work. In many instances the modern standard is only useful for show purposes; perhaps he can kill a rat, and he is elegant as a drawing-room companion. In training a fox terrier for his actually legitimate work a mistake is too often made in at first entering him to game above ground. When he can find it so without much trouble, the natural inclination to look for it in the earths is, in a degree lost, and once a fox or badger is tackled above ground, in which, perhaps, a great deal of punishment is given and received on both sides, an ordinary terrier does not relish going in to the same amount of hard knocks and bites in the dark. Let him as a beginning smell about the earth, and entice him by degrees to enter it. He will, if game and worth keeping, make out the scent, at the same time gradually working up his courage until in the end he will tackle whatever he meets. [I thoroughly agree with Littleworth here, and have known many terriers completely spoiled by being set to kill something before they had found their noses. Even the first rat should be hunted before the puppy is allowed to worry it. There seems something about the scent of all game and vermin which, as it were, raises the courage of the dog to its very highest.] Give me a terrier which will go to ground, find his fox, stick by him, and at the same time 'bay' well.

"My belief is that the best strain for work has descended from George Whitemore's (of the Grove) Willie and Foiler. A bitch I once had, named Mustard, was a really honest worker. She was about 18lb. weight, and after running all day with hounds would gamely go to ground, and show us and reynard what blood ran in her

veins. This bitch was by Whitemore's Trick out of Eggesford Fury, who was by the Rev. J. Russell's Fuss, a most famous one as a worker. Mustard, too, had taken prizes at the West of England shows, under the well-known and popular sportsman above-mentioned, including first prize at Plymouth in 1873.

"A granddaughter of Mustard's called Spot, on first being tried to go to earth, remained inside for over two hours, and when unearthed was seen facing two badgers, and keeping them well at bay. A curious incident about this splendid bitch was that she never relished tackling a fox above ground, but you would have to go a long day's journey to find her equal in the earth. I have at present two great granddaughters of Mustard which I value greatly. Boaster and Willie were both excellent dogs, the former especially being admirably adapted for work. The latter was by Sam out of Cottingham Nettle. Old Flora was another extra good bitch for work, and her daughter Fancy did not disgrace her, for I remember her on one occasion sticking to a fox for four hours underground, during which time she never for one moment attempted to quit the earth. She was finally dug out. Much to my regret she died when in whelp to Gulliver. Artful Joe, too, was a fine dog. He was a little too big, but a regular hard one for work. I am very pleased to say that his strain is still carefully preserved. All the Belgravians I have are excellent workers. Limbo, by Victor Chief out of Venus (a granddaughter of Flora), came to a very sad end. Whilst in the kennel he was severely bitten by the hounds, his leg being so terribly broken and smashed that I was obliged to have him immediately killed. I missed him greatly, as he was about as good a dog as I ever had for work."

So much for a huntsman's opinions, but in taking them to heart and inwardly digesting them, the reader must not forget that a good dog can be spoiled by a bad trainer, and in the opposite direction a good trainer can make a dog which may be faint-hearted in the beginning fairly hard-hearted and game in the end.

With regard to the growing popularity of that undesirable modern addition to the ordinary duties of a fox terrier, viz., rabbit coursing, something must be said. Not content with him as a companion, either in town or country, some of his ill-advised admirers have endangered his good name by endeavouring to place him on a par with the "whippet," and utilising him for the chasing of rabbits in an inclosure. Nature never intended the fox terrier for a rabbit courser. Had she done so his form would have been much more slim than it actually is, and his lines built upon those of a greyhound in miniature rather than upon those of a sturdy terrier. Still, this somewhat plebeian diversion appears to have taken a great hold of a certain section of the community, the members of which, on Saturday afternoons especially, and upon other holidays, too, hie to some field or other, and enjoy themselves by letting a rabbit out of a hamper, and, after allowing bunny a certain start, unslip a couple of terriers, who run after and in ninety-nine times out of a hundred kill it. Had the rabbits a fair chance of regaining their liberty, as is the case with the pigeon when liberated from a trap, or with the hare when coursed at the new-fangled inclosed meetings, this fox terrier coursing would be legitimate sport. As the rabbits have not an ordinary chance of escape, and preparatory to their being set down in front of the terrier, have been confined, since their capture, in a hamper or some similar

receptacle, I must look upon the thing with disfavour, and altogether fail to acknowledge it as in any way likely to improve the fox terrier as he is, and as all his admirers would wish him to remain.

Although, under these circumstances, the rabbits have little opportunity to regain their liberty, their chances of so doing are greater than that which was afforded by the individual who possessed a terrier and a wild rabbit, which he coursed in his cellar. The rabbit was given a start of once around the floor, and "Jack," failing to recognise that spirit of fair play his owner possessed, instead of himself running once around the room, took a short cut across it, thus seizing poor bunny at the first rush. He got a good kick in the ribs for his pains, instead of the praise he might fairly conscientiously think was his due, whilst the proprietor of the terrier heaved a deep sigh, and meditated upon the unfairness of the world generally, and of dogs in particular.

This modern mode of coursing does give the rabbit a better chance of his life than "Jack" did, still, for many reasons it is not to be recommended; and it is gratifying to note that it is not recognised by the Fox Terrier Club or any of the leading clubs either. In America, not long ago, a prosecution was instituted against a number of gentlemen who had been engaged in the so-called sport; but after a lengthened hearing which caused no inconsiderable interest throughout that country, no conviction was obtained, and similar prosecutions in this country have, so far, had a like result.

In sundry instances I have already noticed an inclination to produce fox terriers with longer legs, less compact bodies, and with an appearance of an ability to gallop more

defined, than should be the case. This is, of course, done to enable them to prove successful at coursing meetings, and a continuance thereof would, in a few years, entirely change the character of the modern fox terrier. I have seen puppies shown whose owners, with an eye to the main chance, have trusted to the good nature of the judge to give them, at any rate, a card of commendation. This done, the natural inference would be that at a coursing meeting, such recipients would be allowed to compete without objection or hindrance. Still these puppies, excepting that they had drop ears—in one case a wire-haired coat—were as far removed from what a fox terrier should be as possible. "Ah!" said their owner, on being remonstrated with for showing such things, "they are but puppies, and will drop down, thicken, and furnish in due course." Needless is it for me to say that in no case did they get the cards of honour which the exhibitor desired.

An ordinary fox terrier has not pace to compete successfully with a rabbit on its own ground, nor until the present time has any attempt been made to breed him for speed alone. Daniel, writing eighty years ago, said speed was not one of the peculiar properties of the terrier, although it possesses the power of keeping up the same pace for a considerable distance. He mentions a match which took place in 1794, when a very small terrier, for a very big wager, ran a mile in two minutes, and six miles in eighteen minutes. This is rather an extraordinary performance, and I do not know that there is a fox terrier to-day that can at all equal it. Anyhow there are the little "whippets" (and Daniel's dog might have been one of them), which can course rabbits, and run races better than any fox terrier. For such purposes they are kept in many

parts of the north of England and elsewhere. Those who wish for rabbit coursing I would recommend to keep two or three of them, for what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and I am pretty certain that even a moderate "whippet" would give the best fox terrier ever slipped at a rabbit, twenty yards start out of forty, and beat him into the bargain.

CHAPTER V.

THE WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER — HIS GAMENESS — YORKSHIRE AND DEVONSHIRE STRAINS—THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL'S TERRIERS—CROSSES—THE BEST DOGS.

MOST of the remarks made on former pages apply to the wire-haired fox terrier equally with the smooth-coated variety. In colour, make, shape, character, legs and feet, they are as one, only in jacket or coat do the two differ. With the wire-haired terrier this should be hard and crisp, not too long, neither too short, but of a tough, coarse texture, finer underneath, all so close and dense that the skin cannot be seen or even felt, and, if possible, so weather and water resisting that the latter will stand on the sides like beads, and run off the whole body as it is said to do, and does, off a duck's back. There must not be the slightest sign of silkiness anywhere, not even on the head. A curly jacket, or one inclined to be so, is far better than a silky one. Indeed, some of the best coated dogs of this variety I have seen, had more than an inclination to be curly—the crispest hair on the human head has usually a tendency to be so, and the straight

hair is the softer and finer. There should be some amount of longish hair on the legs, too, right down to the toes, and when there is a deficiency in the coat in this respect, one may be pretty certain that some crossed strain is in the blood of the animal so handicapped. In attempting to produce straight coats, modern breeders have gone to extremes, and, according to their nature, produced fine ones, of a texture like silk almost; these are, again, likely to be thin, and quite inadequate to keep out the water and cold. Seldom do we see a wire-haired terrier with so close and hard a jacket as some of the otter hounds possess, or even owned by a few of the best hard-haired Scotch terriers. Straighter they may be, but harder never, and what, indeed, is the straightness but a useless beauty mark? An old bitch of Mr. A. Maxwell's (Durham), Tennis, had in her day one of the best of coats, but for modern ideas there was too much of it. Her chest and neck were well protected, still its very profuseness made it likely to carry too much water on a damp day.

In the kennels of the Kendal Otter Hounds there is a black and tan hound called Ragman, now in his ninth season, so grey and worn with hard work and care as to bear scarcely any resemblance to what he was when first entered. He possesses the best water and weather resisting coat I ever saw on any dog. Without being long enough to assist him as a bench hound, it is simply perfect for the purpose for which it is required—protection from weather and water. Take down the ribs, along the back, under the belly, on the head, anywhere, it is all there, hard as bristles, close as wool, a little softer and closer underneath than near the surface; and I have seen that good hound swim for two, or three, or four hours maybe, come out on to the

bank, shake himself, so throw the water off, roll in the meadow, and in a minute he would be as dry as the proverbial board. His coat leans towards curliness, and, this notwithstanding, his is the description of jacket that ought to be found on all wire-haired terriers. I know of none at the present day that possesses so good a one.

In judging this variety of terrier I should, without hesitation, throw out or disqualify every dog with a soft coat. The class is for "wire-haired" terriers, and anyone giving an award of any kind to one that is not as described does a triple injustice, for he dishonours the description, introduces a bad type, and proves his own incompetence. I have dwelt thus long on coat because therein lies the whole difference between the two great modern types of fox terriers.

From the time Dame Juliana Berners wrote of "teroures" the varieties, rough and smooth, have grown up side by side, one man preferring the one, another the other, just as is the case now. The smooth variety has always been the more numerous—latterly the more popular, because the smarter, the more thorough-bred looking animal, and besides, on wet days he does not take so much dirt into the house. As to gameness, Jack is as good as his master, but by reason of the denser covering to his skin, the wire-haired can stand the cold, inclement weather of our north country climate better than his cousin; still, after all, a cross-bred dog is best for the really arduous work required with fox-hounds hunting in a mountainous district, and with otter hounds.

Some old engravers and painters have given us portraits of wire-haired terriers black and tan, blue grizzle and tan, pepper and salt, and of various shades in red and fawn and

yellow, as well as of the present time orthodox white and marked with fawn, or black and tan. Modern fancy has developed the black and tan into a new variety, whilst the others, of whole colour, equally useful in every way, have gone to the wall. In various districts of North Durham and Yorkshire the wire-haired terriers appear to have been produced in greatest numbers, but Devonshire also had them in the form they were wont to be used by the Rev. John Russell, a name so familiar to every sportsman throughout the many countries where the English language is spoken. "Robin Hood," the *Field's* well-known coursing correspondent, tells me that even in Nottingham, supposed to be the home of the smooth variety, the "wire-hairs" were common enough when he was a boy forty years since. And how visions of his early sporting dogs rushed before him when he told me of a terrier he had owned with an extraordinarily long head, which came from the Quorn when Sir Richard Sutton was the master. This dog was in every sense a pattern of the best we see to-day, eighteen pounds weight, hard coated, strong-jawed, possessing at the same time the "ferocity of the tiger" when "cats" were about, and "the gentleness of the dove" in the presence of his genial owner. Mr. C. M. Browne ("Robin Hood"), is inclined to believe that a majority of the midland counties strains of wire-haired terriers sprang from this dog, which, if his recollection does not fail him, became the property of Mr. T. Wootton, who certainly had some very good ones about twenty years later, though that they were all as game as one would have wished may be doubted by the following story.

In the early days of competition, a dog show was held in a certain town in the North of England, at which some

two or three of these terriers, said to be "good at badger, cat, fox, and fighting," were exhibited, and as usual they won all the prizes. At 11 o'clock one night, some of the members of the committee, after dining rather heartily, and supping not too wisely but too well, visited the show, and in company with the "nightmen" went round to see the terriers. Now unfortunately a semi-tame fox was one of the attractions of the exhibition, and mischief moved the midnight visitors to try some of the crack terriers with the fox. Alack! alas! they knew sly reynard not, nor did they take the slightest notice of him as they were one by one slipped into his cage—the "earth dogs" bolted so far as their collars and chains allowed them. "Try so-and-so," said a fellow, alluding to a well-known dandie dinmont, and "so-and-so" was tried, with the result that he went to the poor fox and nearly killed it before he could be taken off. I do not mention this little episode, and a disgraceful one it was, with any intention of lauding the dandie dinmont at the expense of the wire-haired terrier, but to show what little scenes occasionally occurred at some shows of years ago. I fancy matters connected therewith are better nowadays.

Perhaps the following will act as a counter-irritant to some readers who may object to hear anything in disparagement of their favourites. In communication with one of our most celebrated and oldest admirers of the wire-haired terrier, he told me of a terrier I sent him, which in turn was despatched to a friend in New York. It had not been many hours in its new abode before it showed courage and gameness in many ways. Then it was missing for many hours, and one day unusual sounds underneath the stable floor led to a suspicion that Jack was

there. In due course the floor was taken up, and from a pipe drain underneath, the terrier was dragged, and a huge cat lay worried and dead by his side. This was a thirteen pound terrier, but he was too hard bitten and ferocious for ordinary work.

No further proof of the gameness of the modern wire-haired terrier need be adduced than was described in the columns of the *Field* recently, in connection with the local otter hounds, which were hunting the river Lune, near Hornby. An otter had been marked in a tile drain, an ordinary drain pipe indeed, and to drive him one of the hunt's terriers went to ground. There was no side drain to allow him to get behind the otter, and of course to draw Master Lutra badger fashion, was impossible. However, in the end the otter was, if not actually drawn, fairly driven out of his stronghold, the plucky little terrier having actually fought his way underneath or over his enemy, and when once behind him, made the drain so uncomfortable, that the rough-and-ready notice of ejectment was acted upon. A fine otter dashed out of the drain's mouth, followed immediately by Turk, sadly bitten and bedraggled, but by no means seriously injured. This terrier, though the huntsman could give no pedigree with him, was in appearance of fashionable blood—a good-looking little fellow, about 15lb. in weight, and handsome enough to win a prize on the show bench, which he has done. Bobby Troughton, who has hunted the Kendal Otter Hounds since their establishment, says this dog Turk is the gamest and hardest terrier he ever possessed—surely a glowing testimonial for a modern show animal.

Some of the earlier wire-haired terriers were remarkably savage and bad tempered, or perhaps it was the writer's

unfortunate lot to possess such. However, about seventeen years ago I had one sent me from Shropshire, which originally came from the huntsman of the Albrighton hounds. Anyhow, rare good-looking dog though he seemed, his excellence was sadly marred by his detestable disposition. He was never safe, and always as willing to growl at his owner as to take a piece out of the leg of a tramp or anyone else. Entered for Darlington Show at a few pounds, if he was not sold I had promised him as a present to a friend; as it happened he won the first prize and the special cup, and was at once claimed by a well-known admirer of the breed. Avenger (the dog's name) was a little high on the legs, eighteen pounds weight, straight in front and terrier-like in head, with a hard jacket but not much of it. I need scarcely say he did not need trimming, or "faking," to make him look his best.

Owing to some cause or other, the wire-haired fox terrier has occupied longer in popularising himself than the smooth coated one. For years he was without a class at any of the shows, and when he became so important as to be honoured by being so provided, he was relegated to the non-sporting division! Birmingham gave him his first class in 1873, nine years subsequent to the time when the smooth variety had been prominently brought forward. Some of the stud books have the wire-haired fox terrier entered amongst non-sporting dogs, sandwiched between the Pomeranians and Bedlingtons, and so he continued till 1875, whilst a little earlier the same reference volume mixes the wire-haired fox terriers with the Irish terriers. Here is reason for a delay in popularisation, which undoubtedly arose from the incompetence of some of the judges who were asked to give their opinions of the

breed, and whose knowledge thereof was quite on a par with what it might be with regard to white elephants and crocodiles. My nerves never received so severe a shock at any show as they did at Curzon Hall in 1872, when the first prize for wire-haired terriers was withheld through "want of merit," though in the class was that reliable and undoubted specimen Venture, then shown by Mr. Gordon Sanderson, of Cottingham, near Hull. Mr. J. Nisbet, a reputed judge of dandie dinmonts, gave this foolish decision, which, however, did not lower the dog one iota in the eyes of those who knew his excellence; and Mr. W. Carrick, of Carlisle, subsequently became his owner, and made him useful in the foundation of a kennel of terriers which for excellence has not yet been surpassed.

This Venture was as good a terrier of his variety as I ever saw, without the slightest particle of bulldog appearance, built on proper lines, with a coat above the average in hardness and denseness, and a head in length and quality of the best; it was, indeed, ill luck that the incompetence of the judge so dishonoured him by withholding the first prize and giving but the second. Ah! but some one may say Venture was, perhaps, in bad condition —this he was not, he was as bright and fresh then as at any time of his career, which later on proved eminently successful.

Between the years 1872 and 1880 comparatively few wire-haired terriers were shown at Curzon Hall; in the former year there were but two entries, but later some dozen or so appeared about the average. Most of the best dogs during this period came from the neighbourhood of Malton in Yorkshire. Venture, already alluded to, was by Kendall's Old Tip, a well-known terrier with the

Sinnington hounds; he had a successful career on the show bench, and to my mind was certainly the best of his variety at that day. In 1874, however, the stud book only contained four other entries of wire-haired terriers, and with one exception they were owned by Mr. Wootton. The exception was Chaplin, a moderate dog that won third prize at Manchester the previous year. Wasp, first prize Manchester in 1873 has no sire or dam given, and Mr. Gordon Sanderson appears to be the only man at that day who kept the pedigrees of his terriers. The wonder was that he did so, for his favourites did not bring much money. For instance, Venture had been shown in a variety, or mixed class, one in which different descriptions of dogs compete against each other; and, entered at thirty shillings, he was so good as to attract attention, and the man who gave seventy shillings for him was thought to have more money than sense. However, the purchaser, Mr. Holmes of Beverley, was right, and such a dog as Venture would to-day command one hundred guineas at least.

A half brother of the last-named dog was called Tip, a white terrier with blue, badger-pied marks on his body and head, not an unusual colour then, but seldom seen nowadays. However, at Liverpool Show in 1889 a dog named Carlisle Young Venture so marked was benched, and Mr. Donald Graham, one of our oldest supporters and best judges of the variety, told me it was directly descended from Tip. The latter, a peculiarly heavily muscled dog, would weigh, I fancy, hard on to 20lb., he had such a strong back, and powerful bone. His head was a little too short, and his coat, though hard, was scarcely profuse enough. His small ears and determined

dare-devil look out of his little dark eyes, gave an amount of character that is sadly deficient in the terrier of to-day, who possesses an advantage only on the score of neatness. After changing hands two or three times, Tip, who had been born in 1872, went into Mr. Shirley's kennels, from whence he visited the shows and did a great deal of winning, but he was always to Venture in the wire hairs what Tartar had been to Old Jock in the smooth variety —the bull terrier of the party.

From the strains of these two dogs have sprung most of the modern so-called wire-haired terriers, but unfortunately, so many crosses have been made with their smooth cousins, that there is little chance of to-day finding the old blood pure and uncontaminated. It is said that Mr. Maxwell's Jester and Mr. Ward's Pickering Nailer are, at the time I write this, the only wire-haired terriers of note which can be said to be of really blue blood, and if this is so, and I believe the statement to be correct, I hope they will continue to be allied to bitches containing no trace of the smooth strain for at the very least four or five generations.

There appears a semblance of strangeness that the wire-haired terriers from Devonshire have not been more used for show bench purposes, and by all accounts some of them were as good in looks as they had on many occasions proved in deeds. Those owned by the Rev. John Russell have acquired a world-wide reputation, yet we look in vain for many remnants of the strain in the stud books, and the county of broad acres has once again distanced the southern one in the race for money. But although the generous clerical sportsman occasionally consented to judge terriers at some of the local shows in the West, he

was not much of a believer in such exhibitions. So far as dogs, and horses too, were concerned, with him it was "handsome is that handsome does," and so long as it did its work properly, one short leg and three long ones was no eye-sore in any terrier owned by the late Rev. John Russell. How he came to obtain a strain of them at all is admirably told in his Memoir by the author of "Dartmoor Days."

"Russell had been in residence some fourteen terms, and was now, with a view to his final examination, busily employed in preparing for the schools and furbishing up his old Tiverton armour, which he was not slow to discover had grown somewhat rusty by habitual disuse and the easy conditions of his college life. His degree being of paramount importance to him, the short period that now remained for getting up his books was naturally accompanied by the inevitable doubt and anxiety which even the ablest scholars are apt to feel at such a time.

"It was on a glorious afternoon towards the end of May, when strolling round Magdalen Meadow with Horace in hand, but Beckford in his head, he emerged from the classic shade of Addison's Walk, crossed the Cherwell in a punt, and passed over in the direction of Marston, hoping to devote an hour or two to study in the quiet meads of that hamlet near the charming slopes of Elsfield, or in the deeper and more secluded haunts of Shotover Wood. But before he had reached Marston, a milkman met him with a terrier, such an animal as Russell had as yet only seen in his dreams; he halted as Actæon might have done when he caught sight of Diana disporting in her bath, but unlike that ill-fated hunter, he never budged from the spot till he had won the prize and secured it for

his own. She was called Trump, and became the progenitress of that famous race of terriers which from that day to the present have been associated with Russell's name at home and abroad, his able and keen coadjutors in the hunting field. An oil painting of Trump is still in existence, and is, I believe, possessed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, but, as a copy executed by a fair and talented artist is now in my possession, and was acknowledged by Russell to be not only an admirable likeness of the original, but equally good as a type of the race in general, I will try, however imperfectly, to describe the portrait as it now lies before me.

"In the first place, the colour is white, with just a patch of dark tan over each eye and ear, while a similar dot not larger than a penny piece marks the root of the tail. The coat, which is thick, close, and a trifle wiry, is calculated to protect the body from wet and cold, but has no affinity with the long rough jacket of a Scotch terrier. The legs are straight as arrows, the feet perfect, the loins and conformation of the whole frame indicative of hardihood and endurance, while the size and height of the animal may be compared to that of a full grown vixen fox. 'I seldom or ever see a real fox terrier nowadays,' said Russell recently to a friend who was inspecting a dog show containing a hundred and fifty entries under that denomination; 'they have so intermingled strange blood with the real article, that if he were not informed, it would puzzle Professor Bell himself to discover what race the so-called fox terrier belongs to.'"

A most ridiculous description of how the modern fox terrier has been bred from the Italian greyhound, beagle, and smooth-coated terrier or bulldog cross follows, and of

the blood of the latter Russell is said to have spoken in high terms of praise, and the opinion is at any rate worth having in this matter.

The author of the memoir continues: "The bulldog blood thus infused imparts courage, it is true, to the so-called terrier; he is matchless at killing any number of rats in a given time, will fight any dog of his weight in a Westminster pit, draw a badger heavier than himself out of his long box, and turn up a tom cat possessed even of ten lives before poor pussy can utter a wail. But the ferocity of that blood is in reality ill-suited, nay, is fatal, to foxhunting purposes, for a terrier that goes to ground and fastens on his fox, as one so bred will do, is far more likely to spoil sport than promote it; he goes in to kill, not to bolt the object of his attack.

"Besides, such animals, if more than one slip into a fox earth, are too apt to forget the game and fight each other, the death of one being occasionally the result of such encounters. Hence, Russell may well have been proud of the pure pedigree he had so long possessed, and so carefully watched over. Tartars they were, and ever have been, beyond all doubt, going up to their fox in any earth, facing him alternately with hard words and harder nibs, until at length he is forced to quit his stronghold and trust to the open for better security.

"A fox thus bolted is rarely a pin the worse for the skirmish, he has had fair play given him, and instead of being half strangled is fit to flee for his life. The hounds, too, have their chance, and the field are not baulked of their expected run.

"Russell's country was technically known as a hollow

one, that is, a country in which rocky fastnesses and earths excavated by badgers abound in every direction. Consequently, on every hunting day, a terrier or two invariably accompanied him to the field, and certainly no general ever depended with more trust on the services of an aide-de-camp than he on those of his terriers. If in chase they could not always live with the pack, still they stuck to the line, and were sure to be there or thereabouts when they were wanted if the hounds threw up even for a minute.

"'I like them to throw their tongue freely when face to face with their enemy,' said Russell, one day, as he stood listening to his famous dog Tip marking energetically in a long drain some six feet below the surface; 'you know then where they are and what they're about.'

"Entered early, and only at fox, Russell's terriers were as steady from riot as the staunchest of his hounds, so that running together with them, and never passing over an earth without drawing it, they gave a fox, whether above ground or below it, but a poor chance of not being found by one or the other. A squeak from a terrier was the sure signal of a find, and there was not a hound in the pack that would not fly to it as eagerly as to Russell's horn or his own wild and marvellous scream. This steadiness from riot was, of course, the result of early education on one object, the fox; nor did Russell consider it needful to train his terriers by progressive steps like others have done.

"A hundred anecdotes might be related of the wondrous sagacity displayed in chase by Russell's terriers, but as Tip's name has been already mentioned, one of his many feats will suffice to show, not merely the large amount of instinctive faculty, but the almost reasoning power with which that dog was endowed.

"Russell himself told me the story, as some thirty years ago, in going to cover he drew my attention to a deep combe not far from Lidcote Hall, the seat of Sir Hugh, and the birthplace of poor Amy Robsart.

"'Do you see,' he said, 'that dark patch of hanging gorse hemmed in on the northern side by yonder knoll? Well, I've seen many a good run from that sheltered nook. On one occasion, however, I had found a fox, which, in spite of a trimming scent, contrived to beat us by reaching Gray's Holts, and going to ground before we could catch him. Now those earths are fathomless, and interminable as the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. They are so called Gray from the old Devonshire name signifying a badger, a number of those animals having long occupied that spot. Consequently, such a fortress once gained is not easily to be stormed even by Tip or the stoutest foe.

"'Again we found that fox a second time, and now while the hounds were in close pursuit and driving hard, to my infinite surprise I saw Tip going off at full speed in quite a different direction.

"'"He's off, sir, to Gray's Holts. I know he is," shouted Jack Yelland, the whip, as he called my attention to the line of country the dog was then taking. That proved to be the case. The fox had scarcely been ten minutes on foot, when the dog, either by instinct, or, as I believe, by some power akin to reason, putting two and two together, came to the conclusion that the real object of the fox was to gain Gray's Holts, although the hounds were by no means pointing in that direction. It was exactly as if the dog had said to himself: "No, no, you're the same fox I know that gave us the slip once before, but you're not going to play us that trick again."

"'Tip's deduction was accurately correct, for the fox, after a turn or two in covert, put his nose directly for Gray's Holts, hoping, beyond a doubt, to gain that city of refuge once more, and then to whisk his brush in the face of his foes. But in this manœuvre he was fairly out-generalled by the dog's tactics. Tip had taken the short cut, the chord of the arc, and as the hounds raced by at some distance off, there I saw him,' continued Russell, 'dancing about on Gray's Holts, throwing his tongue frantically, and doing his utmost by noise and gesture to scare away the fox from approaching the earths. Perfect success crowned the manœuvre, the fox, not daring to face the lion in his path, gave the spot a wide berth, while the hounds, carrying a fine head, passed on to the heather, and after a clinking run killed him on the open moor.'

"Tip scarcely ever missed a day for several seasons, never appeared fatigued, though he occasionally went from fifteen to twenty miles to covert. He died at last from asthma in the Chorley earths, Russell having dug up to him and the fox in half-an-hour, but to his master's great grief the poor old dog was quite dead. Russell looked upon his terriers as his fireside friends, the penates of his home; nor was he ever happier than when to some congenial spirit he was recording the service they had done him in bygone days; and vast indeed was the store from which he drew so many interesting facts connected with their history. One peculiarity of Tip's, however, must not be omitted: on a hunting morning no man on earth could catch him after he had once seen Russell with his top boots on.

"Nettle, too, a prodigy of courage and sagacity, would follow no one but her master, and not even him except the

hounds were at his heels, knowing full well that her services were only required in connection with the hunting field. Then there was the one-eyed Nelson, a genius in his way, and in point of valour a worthy namesake of England's immortal hero. Russell had run a fox to ground near Tetcott, the seat of Sir William Molesworth, but tiers of passages one under the other rendered the earth so perfect a honeycomb that the terriers were soon puzzled, nor did the diggers know what line to follow, there was scent everywhere. Nelson at length came out and at some distance off commenced digging eagerly at the greensward. 'Here's the fox,' said Russell, 'under Nelson's nose or I'll forfeit my head.' The dog went in again and marking hard and sharp under that very spot, the men broke ground and speedily came upon the fox. Russell then, with his arm bared, drew him forth, and, setting him on his legs, treated his field to as merry a ten minutes over that wild country as man's heart could ever wish to enjoy."

Terriers bearing credentials so bright and good ought surely to have become more popular than is the case, and, although occasionally one has heard of some show dog with this Devonshire blood on his grandsire's or granddam's side, the stud books do not quite reliably prove such to be the case. A dog like either Tip or Trump, if as good looking as described, would surely have been fitted for the show bench, and if a bit ragged in jacket and a trifle heavy at his shoulders these defects would not have been quite fatal to success in the eyes of the right sort of judges.

That this blood is valued highly at the present day I have every reason to believe, as I hear that a few such terriers are at this moment kept in the West of England. Mr. C. G. Archer, of Trelaske, Cornwall, still keeps some,

and puppies from this strain now and then find their way to other parts of the country. A gentleman has communicated with me as the possessor of just such a dog as Trump, described on another page. Still, he does not find that strain as it were "nick" well with others, and he is consequently anxious to obtain some other of the Devonshire cross in order to maintain the breed in all its excellence. Mr. Archer tells me that he has had his terriers for over thirty years, first obtaining them from his friend the Rev. J. Russell, and from his uncle, Mr. Walter Radcliffe, of Warleigh Hall. The breed has been kept pure and distinct, the dogs weigh 18lb., the bitches from 15lb. to 16lb.; they are wire-haired, and in colour, white, with more or less black and tan markings, and without the slightest appearance of bulldog strain. Their owner gives them an excellent character, when he says they are very hardy, inasmuch as they will go to ground anywhere, run all day with hounds, and for pluck and endurance he has never seen their equal with either fox, otter, or badger.

Remarks made earlier with regard to the character of the smooth terriers apply equally to the wire-haired ones; and where the latter are not able to bolt a fox or otter, the reason is because they have never been educated so to do. Here is Mr. W. Carrick's prize dog, Carlisle Tack, look at him, and does there appear to be any reason to doubt his gameness? A terrier every inch, built on racing lines almost, without any lumber about him, and with powerful jaws; the artist having flattered him in the latter respect as he has done in coat. His weight is 17lb., he is all white in colour, was born May 5th, 1884, and has won many prizes (including the fifty guinea challenge cup offered by the Fox Terrier Club), at all the leading shows.

CARLISLE TACK.

Tack is generally considered to be almost the best of his variety ever exhibited. His chief defect lies in a scantiness of coat on his sides and ribs, and down his legs, but what there is, is of good, hard quality. Why the jacket is thin can easily be seen, for his sire Trick had for his dam Patch, a smooth-coated bitch by Buffet out of Milly, who was likewise a smooth-coated bitch descended from the Trimmer family. This Patch must not be confounded with other terriers of that name, as has been the case, for she was owned by Mr. A. Maxwell, and was not the bitch of Mr. Proctor's, that came from the same district of Durham. Tack's mother was the wire-haired bitch Lill Foiler, whose dam was said to be a grand-daughter of J. Russell's Fuss, but whether this be the case is open to doubt. Lill Foiler, too, had the smooth blood in her veins, and possibly to Jester, sire of Trick, a pure terrier of the old stamp, he owes all his quality. Indeed, this dog has been of such service in promoting the excellence of at least one side of the present, that some description of him may be given.

Jester, by Pincher out of Fan, born in September, 1877, was bred by Mr. S. Rawlinson, Newton Morrell, near Darlington. There were three in the litter, all dogs, two died in puppyhood, and his sire being sold, the alliance between him and Fan was not repeated. Jester's dam came from Mr. M. Dodds, Stockton-on-Tees, son of an ex-member of Parliament for that borough, and not to be confounded with Jack Dodds, from whom the present owner of Jester, Mr. A. Maxwell, Croft, purchased his favourite. Jack Dodds is brother to George Dodds, for many years huntsman to the Hurworth, and who, in his now advancing years, has charge of Mr. T. Wilkinson's otter hounds at Neasham. Here is a curious thing, that with such a dog,

and one that has produced such stock, his pedigree cannot be traced any further than given here. His sire Pincher was a prize winner on many occasions, and, between 1869-71, was, with Mr. Donald Graham's Venom, considered the best specimen of the day.

At the time this is being written, Jester, though in his twelfth year, is as strong on his feet as ever, and hardly possesses a broken or cankered tooth in his head. His constitution thus must be thoroughly sound. He was not shown until five years old, when he won first prize at Knightsbridge, on the occasion of the Fox Terrier Club's Show being held there, and later he scored further successes, never being shown without some card of honour. Weighing 18lb., Jester has a coat like pin wire, plenty of it down his sides and legs, even to his feet, which are thickly padded and close; he excels too, in the colour of his eyes, and the ears are small and well carried.

Prior to the introduction of the Jester blood, and so early as 1876, a strain was developing, which came from a terrier called Broom, shown by Mr. Henry Lacey, of Manchester, in 1875 and later, and although this was a dog I never liked, and looked a commoner (he had no pedigree whatever, and could not even boast of being sprung from an eminent North Yorkshire strain like Jester could), his influence remains to this day, and many of his descendants have proved as good terriers as man could desire, *i.e.*, so far as looks are concerned.

A short *résumé* with the connecting links between the best wire-haired terriers, from that time until the present, may be interesting, and from Broom to Mr. G. F. Richardson's Bramble, who takes rank as one of the best of her variety, is not a great leap. Her size was her

one fault, she being a well-made strongly-backed bitch, scaling well on to 20lb. weight. She was a granddaughter of Shirley's Tip, and following her may be mentioned Young Broom, who, though by no means a good one to look at, has likewise left his mark in another direction, by being the sire of Mr. Colmore's (Burton-on-Trent) Turk. Then there pops in Jack Terry's (Nottingham) Pincher, and this animal, though moderate in appearance, through Gyp became the grandsire of Burton Wild Briar. Mr. Lindsay Hogg's (Middlesex) Topper, a successful terrier on the bench, is a common enough name in modern pedigrees, as is that of his sire Sir W. Johnstone's Topper, the latter through Mr. Richardson's Splinter. The year after Mr. Hogg's dog had made his *début*, Birch and Thorn appeared, and some breeders consider that the fine terrier-like expression, lovely eyes, and general quality possessed by Mr. G. Raper's, formerly Mr. R. F. Mayhew's, Brittle, are inherited from this Thorn (who may be better known as Spike), and which in turn Brittle so often transfers to his progeny.

With the exception of Cleveland Laddie, (one of the fine charactered Yorkshire strains) Badger and Brush, few good terriers were produced for some time, until possibly 1880, when Balance, Oakleigh Topper, Teazle, Toiler, Victor, Bundle, Nellie II., and Nellie III. (important as regards Vora's pedigree), and Balance were all introduced to the show bench. Such an array of wire-haired terriers had not previously been seen; and Teazle was, perhaps, all round, as good a dog as has been produced since, but he was too big. From this period the wire-haired terrier became able to compete in quality, if not in quantity, with his more elegantly coated cousins, but not until eight

years later did the time arrive when, at York Terrier Show in 1888, the judges were able to place a team of the wire-haired variety over one of smooths for uniformity of type, excellence, and quality, and those who favoured the former were jubilant at the victory.

Amongst more modern celebrities must be mentioned that excellent dog Briggs, first owned by Mr. F. Waddington, Bishop Auckland, which, after becoming the champion of the day, was sold to the present Lord Lonsdale, and ultimately, on account of his disputed pedigree, proved the hero of one of the most celebrated canine law cases of our time. No one needed a better looking dog than Briggs, for, handsome and workmanlike, he possessed the once orthodox richly coloured black and tan head and a white body; was game, had plenty of coat of the best texture, and as he is alive now in 1890, and has been knocking about pretty well, his constitution must be robust and good. His breeding and pedigree are unknown to me, nor do the Kennel Club Stud Books throw any light upon the subject.

Mr. F. H. Field's (later Lord Lonsdale's) Miss Miggs has been said to be, by some good judges, the best of all the wire-haired fox terriers of any time, and indeed there was little fault to find with her even if she were 19lb. weight, which her traducers said was the case. Possibly she could gallop faster than Briggs, for she was leggier and not so deep in the chest, and her less gaudy markings lent to her a gamer and hardier appearance than the great trial dog possessed. Miss Miggs had a sister, too, called Mischief, an earlier litter, almost as good as herself; and Mr. Carrick's Vora, with her well-shaped head and perfection in character, must not be forgotten. This was a bitch not quite so straight on her fore legs as she might be, but one

of the workmanlike sort, as was that charming little dog Mr. J. W. Corner's Eskdale Tzar. A special favourite of mine, though not more than 15lb. weight, he looked able to do anything that could be required of him, and his beautifully dark eyes, bright, determined look out, hard coat and equality of build and form made him a difficult dog to beat anywhere.

About this period I, from time to time, judged several excellent classes of wire-haired terriers at Darlington and other shows in the north, and was much struck with the extraordinary character some of the so-called commoner bred dogs possessed. They might be a little wide in front, or wrong a little one way or another, still there was no getting over the fact that they were terriers. Occasionally it became somewhat difficult to award the prizes, for a wide chest or one crooked leg, a sprung toe, lightish bone, softish coat, biggish ears, might be possessed in turn by some of the best animals. Character with me always had its effect, and a dog that looks game and determined is pretty well sure to be so. Master Johnson, of Croft, showed a terrier 20lb. weight or more, which, but for his large size, would have been the best of his day. A softish coated dog, Mr. M. Harrison's Ajax, which I gave some prizes to, I again met, this time away in Dorsetshire, at the Sherbourne Hound Show in 1885, where, exhibited under the name of Lynx by Moss, Lord Portman's huntsman, he took the first prize for terriers that had run with hounds. On inquiry I found he was good at his work, and in every way a credit to the north-country strain from which he sprang. He was always about the place when reynard required shifting from some stronghold, and could drive him with but little trouble.

North Star (afterwards Sam Weller), another good one, but a bad shower and requiring trimming, I should say, did as well in the south as in the north, and he was an improving dog too. This dog had an abundance of coat, but such celebrities as Timothy Foiler formed one of a galaxy who were not so well off in this respect. Trick, another of Mr. Carrick's, was a good sort of dog, though a little common in appearance, and showing, to one with even half an eye to character, that he was a little bit of the creole as crossed between the two varieties.

Although I have already mentioned quite a galaxy of good terriers from the border city, another better than all was awaiting us at the Kennel Club's Show, which took place in February this year (1889) at the Alexandra Palace. This was a white puppy called Carlisle Tyro, just about the right size for his age, 17lb. weight, and allowed to be the best of his kind seen, at any rate of late years, by Tack (whose portrait is given elsewhere) from Vice. Tyro was pupped on February 29th, 1888, thus being well on to twelve months old when he first appeared on the show bench. This initial success was also unprecedented, for, not only did he win first prize in the puppy class, with that right good judge Mr. Harding Cox officiating, but also secured leading honours in the open dog class, in the one for novices, and the produce stakes too, which brought in altogether 17*l.*, not a bad stroke of business by any means for a youngster. In addition to these many prizes Tyro also beat all other wire-haired for the Fifty Guinea Challenge Cup and the extra Twenty-five Pound Cup for the best of all the fox terriers rough and smooth in the aforesaid produce stakes. Tyro takes after his sire in beauty and keenness of expression, but is a little stronger in jaw, possesses

Carlisle Tyro.

smaller ears and excels him in quantity of coat; in the latter lies Tack's greatest fault. Tyro s shoulders and loins, too, are powerful, his stern is neatly set on, his stifles are well turned, and his fore legs and feet are very good, though he at times stands not quite straight on them; which fault, if it be one at all, prevents his having that wooden and stiff appearance nearly all the absolutely straight-legged terriers possess. I should like Tyro a little better were the pads of his feet thicker, and had he more hair down his legs. Still, the latter cannot be expected in a terrier bred as he is with smooth-coated strains in the parentage of both his sire and dam. The wonder is that his coat is as perfect as it is.

Tyro's successful show bench career was brought to an untimely and unexpected termination in the summer of the same year that had introduced him to the public. Exhibited at the Kennel Club's Show in July, he was awarded the Challenge Cup and other prizes by the judge, Mr. A. Maxwell—himself a well-known popular and highly-successful breeder of wire-haired terriers. On the day following the one on which the awards had been announced, Mr. Maxwell made a further examination of Tyro, with the result that he formally protested against the dog, on the grounds that the ears had been tampered with for the purpose of making them hang or drop properly. The matter came before the committee of the Kennel Club in due course, the protest was sustained, the dog disqualified, and all his honours were taken from him. Nor did an appeal and a subsequent re-opening of the matter four months after result in any further light been thrown on the proceedings. There were marks on the dog's ears, but it was stated they arose from scratches made by pig iron,

amongst which the puppy had been reared at Barrow-in-Furness. Mr. Carrick was so much aggrieved at the decision of the Kennel Club in the matter that he immediately announced his intention of never exhibiting his terriers again.

With the disqualification of Tyro, Mr. C. W. Wharton's Bushey Broom was awarded the Challenge Cup. This is a very good terrier indeed, and a much improved one since he first made his appearance on the show bench as Hermit. Then his nose had more than an inclination to be flesh-coloured, but it gradually darkened with increasing age, and at the time he took the Challenge Cup there was no fault to find with him in this particular, and little in any other. An all white dog, built very much on the lines of Carlisle Tack, weighing 17lb., he is only beaten by the Carlisle dogs in length of head. Bushey Broom's coat is hard, and fairly dense; his neck, shoulders, and front are quite good, so are his feet and ears. Moreover, his expression is keen and terrier like, and whenever Mr. Wharton's dog is in the class there will always be a struggle as to whether he or an opponent secures the chief trophy. Bushey Broom was not quite two years old when he won this challenge cup. Mr. W. R. Mann had bred him, his present owner purchased him for 25*l.*; and he was cheap at the money, for his pedigree is good, his sire being Oakleigh Hornet, by Foiler Broad—Cleveland Terra, a granddaughter of Topper's, whilst his dam Whinblossom was by Teazle—Nettle.

At the Crystal Palace Company's first show, held in October, Mr. Harry Jones introduced a good wire-haired puppy, bearing the odd name of Jack St. Leger, by Knavesmire Jest—Jeannie Deans, by Raffle—Deacon Diamond:

rather an odd pedigree for the hard-coated wire-haired puppy which Jack St. Leger is. A terrier of an old-fashioned stamp, short-legged, and long-bodied, he excels in the length of his head and strength of his jaw. But all round he is an extra-special sort of terrier, strong in bone, powerful in loin, and looking all over a thorough working man. Still, I believe that his shorter legs and longer body than those possessed by our cracks Tack and Bushey Broom should always place him below these excellent representatives. The high opinion expressed of Jack St. Leger was amply maintained when he won three first prizes and the cup at the National Exhibition at Birmingham in December last.

Pickering Nailer, of considerable merit in many respects, like most of those bred in the district implied by his name, is considered too big—I do not think him 20lb. weight—to please fashionable and fastidious modern taste, but he possesses a great recommendation, to the like of which no other modern representative lays claim. He is said to contain not even the most remote cross of the smooth variety, which may or may not be correct. Those who know his breed do not doubt the truth of this, but for aught we know Old Jester can lay a similar claim, for we are not aware that he contains any of the smooth-coated strains. Nailer is sire of several more than fair animals, Mr. Maxwell's Miss Taylor being the best of them. Brittle, already mentioned as one of our leading wire hairs, born in the midlands, has one of the hardest of coats, and no dog of the day excels him in head, ears, and correctness of size. A little wideness at the shoulders and fore legs, and shortness in neck I may say are about his only defects. Cavendish, Jack Frost, Barton Marvel, Jack's Yarn, Liffey, Dr.

Beatty's Foiler, Tees Nap, Tees Topper, Lord Edward, Dirleton Nettle, Master Broom, deserve special mention, but before all will come the acknowledged champion bitch, now Mr. Sutcliffe's Quantock Nettle. Since her *début* at the Kennel Club Show as a puppy in 1887, where she was exhibited by her breeder, Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, Bishops Lydeard, she has scarcely been beaten by one of her own sex, and, with the exception of the rather large size of her ears, little fault can be found with her. Built much on the lines of Briggs, though on shorter limbs and longer in body, her chest is unusually deep, she stands on straight legs, and is unusually powerful for an animal of her size. She is a daughter of Trick's from Lady Hazel, by Filbert—Lady Relish, by Raby Pickle.

An oddly-named terrier was the above-named Filbert, previously known as Pulborough Jumbo, a black-headed, determined-looking, rather leggy dog, who, from being entered in a catalogue at something like 7*l.* came to be sold for 100*l.* He did considerable winning three years or so ago, and a person, who told me he was his breeder, gave me some strange stories as to its career. He was a cross-bred dog, said the man, and should have been drowned as a puppy; somehow he escaped that fate as he did a second time when the cord was around his neck. Mr. Nutt got hold of him, showed him successfully, and then sold him as stated. Some dogs, like some human beings, have their ups and downs in this life, but Jumbo was a commoner in appearance, though a game looking terrier, and I need scarcely say that his pedigree is not to be found in the stud book.

So much for the wire-haired terrier as he is found in this

country A.D. 1890, and the best of the bench winners have been or are still owned by Mr. W. Carrick (brother to the respected master of the Carlisle Otter Hounds), Mr. Donald Graham, Mr Harding Cox, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Lindsay Hogg, Mr. R. F. Mayhew, Mr. A. Maxwell, Mr. J. W. Corner, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. A. Damerell, Mr. S. E. Shirley, Mr. Percy Reid, Mr. J. G. Pim, Mr. A. E. Clear, Mr. C. W. Wharton, Mr. Mark Wood, Mr F. H. Field, Mr. F. W. F. Toomer, Mr. F. W. Fellowes, Mr. J. Terry, Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, Mr. M. Hazlerigg, Mr. F. H. Colmore, Mr. M. Rickaby, Mr. T. Wootten, Messrs. Pease, and others.

I think this chapter contains abundant proof of the comparative modern manufacture of the wire-haired fox terrier as he is to be seen now. With the exceptions named, even the purest bred ones contain a large proportion of the smooth-coated strains, and as an example may be adduced Brittle, already named, who on the side of his dam Vamp, is closely allied to the well known smooth champion Result; for Racket II. (brother to Roysterer), the sire of Vamp, Brittle's dam, was by Brockenhurst Rally —Jess. Whether the general cross between smooth and wire-haired fox terriers has had altogether the desired effect of improvement is a matter of opinion; for myself, I have a leaning to the old dogs, pure and unadulterated, whose coats were hard and crisp, required no pulling and singeing, and whose ears were small and well carried, without the interposition of artificial means.

The Fox Terrier Club has adopted a standard for this variety (as it has for the smooth-coated one), which is as follows:—

"The wire-haired fox terrier should resemble the smooth

sort in every respect except the coat, which should be broken. The harder and more wiry the texture of the coat is, the better; on no account should the dog look or feel woolly, and there should be no silky hair about the poll or elsewhere.

"The coat should not be too long, so as to give the dog a shaggy appearance, but at the same time it should show a marked and distinct difference all over from the smooth species.

"Points.—Head and ears, 15; neck, 5; shoulders and chest, 15; back and loin, 10; hind quarters, 5; stern, 5; legs and feet, 20; coat, 10; symmetry and character, 15. Total, 100.

"Disqualifying Points.—1. Nose white, cherry, or spotted to a considerable extent with either of these colours. 2. Ears prick, tulip, or rose. 3. Mouth much undershot."

This description is by no means satisfactory, especially so far as allowance for coat is observed. The points for an actually distinguishing characteristic are far too few, a correct coat is worth 20 points, and an absolutely soft one should be a disqualification. Personally, I would far rather own a white terrier with a "spotted" or "cherry-coloured" nose, and a hard close coat, than I would one with a black nose and a soft coat. I think, too, that, however little the dog is undershot he ought to be disqualified, and one much overshot or "pig-jawed" should likewise be placed at a disadvantage. However, it is to be supposed that descriptions of dogs, like the animals themselves, can never be perfect to all alike, and one honest judge's opinion is pretty much as good as another honest judge's, if the public can only be brought to believe so.

It is no more than human nature that there is difference of opinion as to the merits or otherwise of a terrier. That which may be considered an almost fatal fault by one person, by another may be thought of little detriment. Some judges — men, too, who bear a deservedly high reputation as such, will put a terrier out of the prize list if it be even a trifle crooked on his fore legs or slightly heavy at the shoulders; whilst another dog, narrow behind and weak in loins, to my idea a far more serious failing, is considered pretty well all right so long as its fore legs are set on like rulers. As a fact, there are judges who have recently gone to extremes in awarding honours to these so-called "narrow-fronted" terriers. Such have been produced at a sacrifice of power and strength. Most of these very narrow-chested dogs move stiffly, are too flat in the ribs, they are deficient in breathing and heart room, and can never be able to do a week's hard work in the country, either with hounds or round about the badger earths or rabbit burrows.

A *sine quâ non* with some persons appears to be a long lean head, perhaps not quite so long and lean a one as that engraved near the end of this volume, still a head and jaw long enough, figuratively writing, to "reach to the bottom of a pint pot." There is danger, too, in an exaggeration in this direction, for ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the longest and narrowest heads, greyhound-like in shape, are found on that stamp of terrier fittest for coursing matches.

All admirers of the fox terrier must give and take a little from each other, for only by so doing can their favourites be produced to that perfection we are all desirous of seeing attained. A general uniformity of excellence must be the

guide in the show ring, and that man is the just judge who makes his awards most nearly in accordance with this rule, and is not led away by a long narrow head beautifully coloured, or abnormally straight fore legs.

CHAPTER VI.

BREEDING AND REARING PUPPIES — SUPERFŒTATION — PREPARING FOR THE SHOW — SIMPLE AILMENTS — TRIMMING — GENERAL REMARKS ON DOG SHOWS — CONCLUSION.

SOME little instruction as to the general treatment of the fox terrier may be of use, though it is not my intention to deal with the matter more than in a general manner. In the first place, he who is desirous of becoming an exhibitor of high class specimens, or keeping such for other purposes, had best, as a commencement, rest contented with a very small team, and such as he cannot actually keep at home must be put out to walk with suitable householders. The reason for this has been already stated. The cost varies according to the locality, and is usually from one shilling to two shillings and sixpence per week for each dog. In order to obtain what he requires, if the would-be purchaser has no skilled friend from whom to ask advice as to selection, he must visit the shows, see what he likes, and act accordingly. Or he may put himself unreservedly in the hands of some respectable dealer (and there are such), who will supply his requirements. When the

purchaser has secured his few terriers, he cannot do better than make companions of them as much as possible, and allow them to run about. Constant chaining up sours the temper, spoils the limbs, and injures the constitution.

If new names are to be given, such must be registered with the Kennel Club at Cleveland-row, St. James's, London, S.W., the fee being one shilling per dog. The name selected, if not previously adopted, then becomes the sole property of the owner, so far as the shows held under Kennel Club rules are concerned. If the dogs are not intended for exhibition, or only at such shows as do not adopt the Kennel Club rules, then there is no occasion for this registration, excepting, perhaps, where pedigrees are likely to be of use in the future.

Even a novice, with a good brood bitch, an equally good dog, and, by judicious selection of sires, after the first generation, may soon form a kennel from which prize-winners can be produced. But let him begin in a small way. As the bitch is more or less out of order when she has reared her pups, being thin in coat and condition, it is not well to show her until about two months after the pups have left her. Nor would I advise breeding from the same bitch more than once in a year, though it may be possible to get two litters of pups from her in the twelve months.

When pupping let her be as quiet as possible, allow her to take exercise up to the very last, and if she refuses to take her meals for two or three days prior to her labour being near, lose no time in seeking suitable advice. During labour allow her milk, water, and good broth; and feed well on the same things, with the addition of bread and meat, up to the time she ceases to suckle. A strong healthy bitch can rear four or five puppies easily. The

latter usually have their tails docked or shortened when about a week old, and, although it was once customary to do this by the kennel man or someone else biting off the portion, the amputation is now performed in a more civilised fashion with a pair of scissors or a sharp knife. The hair being turned back, the flesh, &c., is quickly cut all round without going through the cartilage; then, with a quick twist and pull, you draw out what appears to be a longish white cord or sinew adhering to the piece of tail so taken off. Cutting right through in the ordinary way very often makes an unsighly flat surface at the end of the stern; but when the sinew is properly drawn, the tail rounds off, and the hair grows almost as it would have done had the docking not taken place. There is little pain to the creatures, not much blood flows, and the licking of the sore places by the dam soon heals the wounds, and the portion of the caudal appendage is not missed.

At a fortnight old the pups may be taught to lap milk, and by so doing thus early, the strain on the constitution of the dam is much lessened, and the young ones, now growing strong, do not pull their mother about more than is actually necessary. When six weeks old they should be weaned, and, as this is done, a little opening and cooling medicine is of service to the dam. In sending the puppies to walk it is advisable, if possible, to have two at the same place. The one keeps the other out of mischief, they play and romp together, and are actually less trouble than if kept separately. Provide the person who is to rear them with some magnesia, and order a little to be given to the pups in milk every fortnight; also instil into the "walker" the necessity of regularity in the time of feeding, and, in the first instance, the meals should be given at least six times

daily. Little and often must be the motto here, which, if carried out in all cases, would do away with many of the weedy, "big-bellied" little creatures usually so delicate from the time of their birth until their death, and always a trouble and annoyance to their owners. Instructions must also be given as to sending for the owner when signs of illness of a serious kind are apparent. With the puppies it was my custom to hand over half a dozen of the alterative pills compounded by Hind, chemist, Kendal, with orders to give half a one whenever a pup appeared sickly or dull; and several years' experience convinced me of their efficacy in preventing the more virulent attacks of distemper.

As the young terriers grow older they require more food; three or four meals a day will now be sufficient, and from the very first a dry bone to gnaw at always does them good, and at five months old or even a little earlier are an absolute necessity in assisting to loosen the puppy teeth and so preparing the way for the ordinary canines. Scraps of all kinds are the best food for the pups when in their adolescence; before that time bread and milk and scraps from the house are to be recommended, but the milk must be new and well boiled. Many persons recommend an occasional basin of butter-milk, which in any case can do no harm, and certainly clears out the bowels well. If there is a tendency in the ears of the puppies not to lay down or drop properly, nature may be assisted somewhat by continually taking the youngster on the knee, and with the fingers working the ears into a proper position. I believe it is also allowed to fix them down with strong adhesive plaster; but the custom, by no means unusual now, and quite common during the earlier epoch of dog showing, of cutting or breaking the cartilage of the ear, is fraudulent.

All puppies much undershot—that is, where the under teeth project in front of the upper ones—should be destroyed. If the malformation is not great, during the time the full teeth are growing continual pushing them back by the gums may be of avail in making them become level. I had a case of this kind in which the cottager at whose house the puppy was being reared, took so much pains that when fully grown the teeth were as level as possible; yet, when commencing to push away the puppy teeth, the appearance of being undershot was very apparent. Cleanliness must not be forgotten; clean bedding and as much fresh air as possible. At three months old the juvenile terrier may have a collar occasionally put on him, and a little later get him accustomed to the sight and rattle of a chain. Many dogs never take kindly to a "lead" because they are spoiled in their training. Do the latter when you are taking them for a run out in the country. They like this, and in a short time will have sense to couple the appearance of the chain with the long-wished-for ramble, and behave accordingly. If you try to initiate your young dog into chain and collar discipline by fastening him to a table leg or anything else handy, he will struggle and pull, make himself uneasy, do no end of mischief, and in the end shrink from the chain when it is produced again, with as much horror as he would from the whip or stick by which he has been corrected. I have myself won more than one prize in the show ring with a comparatively inferior puppy because he was smart on the chain, and did not dangle his little piece of tail between his legs.

Do not forget to reward the man (or his wife or children) who has walked the puppies that turn out well, either as winners or otherwise.

If at six months old or so the puppy is very crooked in his fore legs, possesses enormous ears, is likely to grow into a twenty-four pound dog, or has any other failing sufficiently exaggerated as to quite spoil his appearance, destroy him at once, as perhaps you have done others earlier on. Inferior dogs are not worth the cost of rearing, and the country already contains plenty of such without more being added to the number. By no means is it a bad plan to give your puppies a slight dose of newly-ground areca nut, from 10 to 20 grains, according to their age, especially if you have found, or suspect, worms present. When you have decided to do this, be careful to have the stomach empty by keeping the patient without food of any kind for twelve or fourteen hours. Then, following the nut, in two hours administer a dessert spoonful of castor oil and buckthorn. These are simple remedies, and in fully grown terriers the fasting must be enforced for twenty-four hours, 25 grains of the areca nut and two grains of santonine administered in milk, or made up into a bolus, followed by a tablespoonful of the castor oil mixture.

At nine or ten months old, or when younger, perhaps when older, distemper may appear, and this often fatal complaint is always to be dreaded. Many complications can ensue, but if the puppy has been reared according to the directions thus shortly given, in ninety cases out of a hundred the attack will be slight. If very severe, the veterinary surgeon should be called in to see the sick animal; but ordinary cases will be cured by the remedy advertised by Spratt's Patent, which should be kept handy for cases of emergency. I may say that during some ten years or so, when I bred and kept highly-bred fox and other terriers, I never lost a single animal from distemper, and the only one severely

attacked was the well-known dog Nimrod after he had won second prize as a puppy at one of the London shows. I need scarcely say that those instructions I am now giving my readers were rigorously carried out.

Mange of one kind or another may occur through negligence; and, as prevention is far better than cure, cleanliness, with regular exercise and dietary, minimise the chances of such an outbreak. A useful remedy for ordinary red mange, one which can easily be compounded by the local chemist, is as follows:—Olive oil and oxide of zinc, each 1 ounce; tincture of arnica, 3 drachms; water 8 ounces; to be gently used on the sore places about three times daily. The ointment, green iodide of mercury 1½ drachms to 1½ ounces of lard, is likewise good, though I prefer the former. A dose of Epsom salts, about as much as will lie on a sixpence, each morning in addition to either will hasten recovery. Another simple and excellent remedy for ordinary mange is composed of 6 ounces solution of sulphate of iron; water 1 pint; the affected parts to be fomented therewith twice daily. Fowler's solution of arsenic may be prescribed with great advantage in the case of skin disease, and so long as ordinary care be observed there is little or no danger in giving even comparatively large doses. It must, however, always be taken with the meals, and the most successful results are gained by gradually increasing the dose. Thus commence with say three drops a day sprinkled on the food, adding one drop daily until ten drops are given. If there appear unusual signs of listlessness in the dog, and his eyes become bloodshot, discontinue the drops altogether for a week, and then recommence with the small dose. This treatment carefully followed will cure even the most obstinate cases. A

mixed, wholesome diet, including only a fair proportion of meat, is best whilst the dog is under the influence of the medicine.

Canker in the ear is a common ailment, often brought on by damp and neglect, always troublesome to cure if allowed to run too long without being attended to. The early symptoms are easily discernable by the animal shaking his head and rubbing his ears with his paws. Of course he may do this from the presence of some foreign substance having accidentally got into the ear, which, however, seldom happens. If canker is appearing, a slight redness or inflammation will be seen on examining the inside of the ear, whilst the outside will likewise be found unduly warm, even feverish. Wash the ear out carefully with lukewarm water, allowing it to freely enter the passages, which is easily done by holding the head on one side. In an hour after doing this, having let the ear dry without allowing the patient to shake his head, apply the following lotion (in the same manner as the water had been used) three times daily; Alum, 5 grains; vinegar, 1 drachm; water, 1 ounce. Follow these directions carefully and a cure will result. The latter will possibly be hastened by morning doses of Epsom salts, and light food, bread and scraps from the house being the best regimen.

As I have said so much about the simpler ailments from which fox terriers, like other dogs, are so often sufferers, my remarks may be made more complete by a slight reference to rabies, of which I was reminded by receiving, in my connection with *The Field*, the following note from "R. J." (King's Lynn):—"I was out shooting only last Wednesday with a small spaniel, an excellent one, and who appeared very well then. On Thursday morning I noticed

a great weakness in her hind legs, and later on a most copious discharge of mucus, which hung in lengths of three or four inches on each side of the mouth, and which was so tenacious that I could hardly wipe it off. She had also a great difficulty in swallowing anything. On Friday I sent it to a man who has had great experience with dogs. It had not been at his place long before it was seized with a violent fit, and would doubtless have bit him had he been unprepared. It had several more fits, and yesterday it was destroyed. In the summer it had a habit of snapping at flies, and I noticed several times last week it would go into corners and snap in the same way, although no flies were about. On the Saturday and Sunday morning it took no notice of me, and did not seem to recognise me. I should much like to know your opinion of the case. Was it general paralysis, do you think? The dog had had distemper." Here was a case of rabies in the most pronounced form, which an expert would recognise without any difficulty. Professor Brown says, "The history of the case proves beyond all doubt that an experienced sportsman may not only observe the symptoms, but realise their character so well as to be able to describe them with as much accuracy of detail as would be expected of a practised canine pathologist, without at any moment entertaining the least suspicion that he was dealing with a rabid dog. The mischief which the animal may have done would be in some measure compensated if every sportsman and owner of dogs in the kingdom could commit R. J.'s letter to memory, or, at least, hang a copy of it in some conspicuous place for the benefit of himself and his friends." Such being the opinion of one of our most eminent veterinary surgeons, I thought I could not do better than act on his

suggestion and republish the note and his comments in the most conspicuous place over which I had control.

This volume is not intended to deal fully with the diseases and ailments of dogs, and readers who wish to know more about them may with advantage study "Stonehenge on the Dog in Health and Disease," and Professor Woodroffe Hill's "Diseases of the Dog." If lower priced volumes than these be required, I can thoroughly recommend the shilling work of Dalziel's on the subject, published at *The Bazaar* Office, or Mayhew's work on the same thing, published by Routledges. Dalziel's, is, however, the easier to understand. Then excellent remedies for various diseases are nowadays made up in handy forms by several firms, and those of Spratt's Patent, already mentioned, are especially to be recommended.

There is a possibility, though not a probability, that the fox terrier bitch when she has pupped may die, or be too ill to suckle her family. Then a foster mother must be procured, and, her pups having been destroyed, she should be allowed to become a little extended with milk, and one of the fox terriers placed with her and put to suckle. In nine cases out of ten she will thus take kindly to her foster child, and may be left with it, the others being placed with her immediately afterwards; and when she has been seen to lick and clean them all alike, the adoption may be considered complete. The same when a puppy or two are put to her amongst her own offspring, and which may be done when your well-bred bitch has a more numerous litter than she can suckle. Puppies can, of course, be reared with ordinary milk given through the instrumentality of a child's feeding bottle; but this is a troublesome method and one never practised excepting when the puppies, of unusual

value, have been left orphans by the death of their mother, and when a foster parent cannot be obtained.

With a possibility of the bitch, when in a certain condition, getting loose and contracting a cross-bred or mongrel alliance, care may be taken when such puppies are born in selecting one or more to keep with the bitch. Cases of superfœtation are not uncommon in the dog, and there may be mongrels and pure terriers born in the same litter. I was told of a particularly good fox terrier which a friend of mine desired to purchase. She, however, being a great favourite in the house, could not be parted with, and her owner said, "She is, no doubt, very nice to look at, but unfortunately her dam is a spaniel, and all her brothers and sisters are spaniels too!"

Still another instance. The bitch Venom, granddam of some of my best terriers, after being mated with a fox terrier dog, formed a morganatic alliance with a Skye terrier. All the pups, with one exception, were Skye terriers, or, at any rate, half-bred ones. The exception was a white bitch with a lemon-marked head. Her life was the one saved, but merely to keep with the dam as a matter of kindness. At four weeks old she was sold for half-a-crown, and ultimately developed into one of the best bitches of the day—Nellie by name, who, in due course, had at least one illustrious family, an individual of which sold for more than 100*l.*, and all in that same litter which produced this "century puppy" became prize winners and notabilities.

Such instances show the amount of luck there may be in breeding terriers as in anything else. The bitch Jess (8037), by Grip—Patch, from which most of Mr. A. H. Clarke's best terriers are descended (Result included)

through her alliance with Brockenhurst Rally, was sent to me on approval just before Mr. Clarke bought her. She did not appear to me a likely model from which to produce champions, so, after keeping her a couple of days, she was returned. Had she better pleased me I would never have even dreamed of putting her to Rally. Thus, if Jess had come into my possession, the champion of the day, Result, would never have been born.

The fox terrier reared and brought up on the lines suggested, if he be good enough to make his *début* on the show bench, will require little or no further preparation; he goes well in the chain (which must be about a yard long, with a swivel and spring at each end, a swivel in the middle, and each link so wide that the springs can be fastened therein), is smart and lively, free from disease, and a good wash the day before he has to appear on exhibition should be all that he requires. A tub in which he can stand up to his belly, lukewarm water, some good soap, willing hands, and in ten minutes he is ready to be well dried, and when taken out of the tub let the terrier give himself a hearty shake. A little powder blue in the water produces a good blue-white, which is better than the yellower hue; and about an hour after drying the animal, hand-rub him well, and, if his coat is in good form, the end of each hair will sparkle and shine, and add quite an extra point to a chance of winning first prize. In commencing to wash the dog, do so, in the first instance, at his hind-quarters, and do not touch the head and face until the very last. The reason for this is obvious in the fact that no dog likes his head and eyes and ears being soused in water, be it hot or cold, or even intermediary between the two.

Apropos of "powder blue." Some years ago the writer

had a terrier entered for a local show, and, being engaged until late in the evening preceding the exhibition, was unable to get home to superintend the washing. However, when I did arrive, there was Gripper lying upon the armchair seemingly as white as snow, clean and sweet as willing hands could make him. My housekeeper, being fond of the dog, had "tubbed" him herself. Next morning, at seven o'clock, he had a run out, when, to my amazement, a blue shade appeared through the jacket, and, turning back the hairs, there was the skin of the little terrier as blue almost as though it had been painted! Of course, an overdose of the powder had been used, and I need scarcely say Gripper did not appear in the show ring that day.

A wire-haired fox terrier requires a little more attention than the smooth one, and it is the custom to trim and pluck the former to make him appear to the best advantage. Considerable skill and experience are required to do this properly, especially in the manner in which the hair is pulled off the face in front of the eyes. Then some strains require the jacket taking off the body in handfuls almost, or by singeing or burning. Such procedure is quite unfair, and I regret very much that the Kennel Club has proved its inability to put a stop to the practice. Indeed, this "faking" or trimming, by whatever name it is known, has come to such a pass that a disruption was very nearly caused between the members of the Fox Terrier Club—those who kept the smooth variety being, of course, opposed to the practice. Whether such trimming will be allowed to continue, time alone will show; but, so long as it is allowed, I do not in justice see why the owners of black and tan terriers should be disqualified for pulling any brown or white hairs out of their dogs, as they undoubtedly

would be were they discovered to have done so. Surely in these cases what is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander.

The only method by which such malpractices are to be stopped is by drawing a hard-and-fast rule as to what constitutes this faking and over-trimming, and tacit consent having allowed a certain degree of latitude with some varieties, the difficulty of dealing with the abuse is considerably increased. An attempt to attain neatness and prettiness in the show dog is usually made by cutting the whiskers of bull terriers, black and tan terriers, and white English terriers, which is always allowed. By so doing, a perky and smart appearance is given to the dog, and so it became the fashion to do the same with fox terriers. Happily, so far as regards the breed of which I write, the custom has now almost lapsed, though occasionally one does come across a smooth fox terrier robbed of those useful appendages with which Nature had provided him.

But to return to the washing of wire-haired terriers. A continual course of tubbing softens the coat of even both varieties, and to remedy this in the one, various means are resorted to, as also for making a naturally soft coat feel harder and crisper than it really is. Here again "faking" crops in, but how to "fake" is not a gospel I intend to preach, and I mention it as one of the weaknesses in the system of modern dog shows.

That dog shows have done a great deal towards the popularisation of the fox terrier there is little doubt, and, when in a meditative mood, one is inclined to wonder why English sportsmen were so long in discovering them. Indeed, since the first dog show which took place at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in June, 1859, they have advanced

as quickly as the railways did, and now over a hundred and fifty of one kind or another are held during each year, many of which are confined entirely to that variety of dog, to whose merits I have endeavoured to do justice. Canine exhibitions have naturally their defects, but, so long as honourably conducted, they must continue to possess an improving influence on "dogdom" generally.

There was a time when many of our best dogs were in the hands of those who kept them solely for the purposes of profit, and whether that profit was obtained by sale, rat-killing, or fighting, made little matter, so long as the money came to hand. The only shows were those held in public-house parlours; and to be known as the owner of half a dozen pure-bred terriers was tantamount to being considered fast, and as having a liking for low company. Thus, no doubt, was derived the expression "going to the dogs." All this is altered now.

Well-bred terriers and other varieties have become fashionable, and it is now almost as difficult to find a house without a dog as guard and companion as it is to find one without a cat to kill the mice. Dog shows have provided pure-bred animals, and the fox terrier has proved himself the most popular of all. His colour is white, so easily can the careful housewife see when her pet requires tubbing, and his short coat carries less filth than that of the Skye terrier or any of his Scottish, Welsh, or Irish cousins. I do not know where we should have been with our dogs had not the shows been introduced when they were. Mongrels would, no doubt, have continued in favour, and certainly there could have been little incentive for breeders to take the trouble they now do in the production of the most perfect specimens. Let grumblers rail as

they will; I believe that dog shows have, like other institutions, their place and duty in this world, and their absence would be missed. There are individuals who decry them; some for one reason, some for another. A few self-called humanitarians allege that distinct cruelty is perpetrated upon that dog who, entered for an exhibition, is compelled to recline amid luxurious straw, and fastened by chain and collar for one, two, or three days, as the case may be, to be gazed upon by a curious portion of the British public. Others say that such shows have caused the dog's appearance to be improved at the expense of his utility. In some few cases the latter may have been the case, but this is not general. As to the former complaint, were those who make it better acquainted with their subject, they would know that before the era of shows thousands of dogs were kept in the cellars of our large towns, their duty being to kill rats at the instigation of their owners, or to fight with each other when sufficient money was forthcoming for the purpose. The canine race has attained a higher position than this, and the very dogs that the sporting innkeeper once held for such purposes, he now cherishes as his best friends, keeps them in good health by fresh air and exercise, in order that their jackets remain clean and fresh, and so give their owners a chance of taking honours at the neighbouring shows. Such exhibitions have undoubtedly increased the value of the dog, and accordingly he is now better treated than at any previous part of his history.

Having dealt with the fox terrier, both as a worker and as a show dog, little more need be said about him. Whether you require him for the one purpose or the other, treat him as kindly as you would your best friend, and under ordinary

circumstances he will reward you accordingly. Make him a companion, to live in the house or in the stable, and on no account relegate him to a wooden kennel in the corner of the back yard. The fox terrier was no more made to reside in such an abode than was my lord brought up to inhabit a common lodging-house. The more you see of your dog the more he loves you, and greater is the likelihood of his turning out a sensible animal. There are imbecile dogs as there are human beings, and no amount of treatment will in either case make the unfortunate creature sensible. Such a dog is better put out of harm's way, for all he can do is to eat, and to drink, and to sleep—he even fails to learn how to open a semi-closed door; and killing a rat, driving a fox, or protecting the house from thieves—the ordinary duties of any fox terrier—are accomplishments he will never attain. An imbecile dog may win a prize on a show bench for the simple reason that the judge has no opportunity of ascertaining his mental capacity. But he can prove mischievous even here, and had better be destroyed.

ADDENDA.

The Fox Terrier Club—Its Officers and Rules—Other Clubs.

ALLUSION has already been made to the Fox Terrier Club, which, established in 1876, only two years later than the Kennel Club, and the year following the earliest of all specialist clubs, those for bulldogs, Dandie Dinmonts, and Bedlington terriers, it has continued progressive, and done much to promote the objects for which it was first formed. The number of members is large and influential, notwithstanding the entrance fee and rather high annual subscription; still, both are required to, at any rate, prevent undue strain upon the funds during its own annual exhibition. There is no doubt that the continued and well sustained popularity of the fox terrier is due in a degree to the Fox Terrier Club. The committee have time after time looked after its interests in every way, and the valuable prizes provided from the funds will, so long as they are continued, always make their favourite a valuable animal. Earlier in the

volume I alluded to the custom of one man being at the same time, not of necessity at the same show, both judge and exhibitor. He will judge at one show and exhibit at another. The Fox Terrier Club is a powerful body thoroughly representative and *sans reproche*, cannot they arrange amongst themselves to have judges who, at any rate for the season, are not exhibitors? The public would like some such method, for, however much above suspicion a man may be, the unsuccessful exhibitors have grounds for grumbling when they find one day Mr. Smith judging Mr. Jones' dogs and giving them prizes, and another day Mr. Jones judging Mr. Smith's favourites and reciprocating the award of honours. This custom, I believe, is one of the most unsatisfactory in connection with the dog show epoch. The present office bearers are as follows :—

Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. C. Tinné, Bashley Lodge, Lymington, Hants; Honorary Treasurer, Mr. T. Farries, 16, Coleman-street, London, E.C., who are *ex-officio* members of the Committee: the ordinary committee includes Messrs. A. Ashton (Cheshire), H. A. W. Aylesbury (Somerset), A. H. Clarke (Notts), C. H. Clarke (Notts), J. A. Doyle (Brecon, S. Wales), F. H. Field (Oxford), Lindsay Hogg (London), C. E. Longmore (Hertford), R. F. Mayhew (Middlesex), A. Maxwell (Durham), G. J. Monson (Yorks.), P. C. Reid (Essex), J. R. Whittle (Middlesex), A. R. Wood (London).

The rules of the club are as follows :—

1.—The name of the club shall be "The Fox Terrier Club," its object being to promote the breeding of pure fox terriers; to define precisely and publish a definition of the true type; and to urge the adoption of such type on breeders, judges, dog show committees, &c., as the only recognised and unvarying standard

by which fox terriers ought to be judged, which may in future be uniformly accepted as the sole standard of excellence, in breeding and in awarding prizes of merit to fox terriers; and (by giving prizes, supporting shows, and taking other steps) to do all in its power to protect and advance the interest of the breed.

2.—The Club shall consist of an unlimited number of Members, whose names and addresses shall be kept by the Secretary in a book, which book shall be open to the inspection of Members at reasonable times. Any respectable person favourable to the objects of the Club is eligible for admission as a Member. Each Candidate for admission must be proposed by one Member, and seconded by another Member. The election of Members shall be vested solely in the Committee, and shall be by ballot, four Members to form a quorum, and two black balls to exclude.

3.—The Annual Subscription for each Member shall be two guineas, payable on the 1st January in each year, and the Entrance Fee shall be two guineas. Any one failing to pay his Subscription by 31st January shall have notice given him by the Secretary, and if his subscription be still unpaid by the time that the Annual Report of the past year is issued, his name shall be inserted in a list of Members who are in arrear with their subscription. If his arrears be still unpaid on the 31st March next following, his name shall be struck off the list of Members. No new Member shall be entitled to enjoy any of the privileges of Membership until he has paid his Entrance Fee and Subscription.

4.—Meetings of the Club shall be held, as occasions shall require, for the transaction of business. A Meeting may be specially convened by the Secretary on receipt of a written requisition signed by not less than six Members, stating the time, place, and object of such Meeting, to be lodged with the Secretary at least a fortnight previous to the date fixed for such Meeting to take place.

5.—A Meeting of the Club shall have full power to transact any business, relating to the Club, which it may think fit; to arbitrate in disputed matters; to expel any Member considered guilty of dishonourable conduct (after such expulsion the Member so

expelled to have no claim against the Club, and not to be entitled to recover any portion of his Subscription); or to deal with any questions not provided for by these Rules.

6.—All the Concerns of the Club, and all arrangements for its management, shall be conducted by a Committee, consisting of twelve elected Members. The Committee shall hold Meetings when necessary, three elected Members to form a quorum. The Secretary and Treasurer shall be *ex officio* Members of Committee.

7.—An Annual General Meeting of the Club shall be held during the Winter Show of the Kennel Club, and at the said Meeting one-third of the Committee longest in office shall retire, the retiring Members being eligible for re-election. The Committee shall have power to appoint Sub-Committees for any special object, and to fill up vacancies in the Committee during the year. For the first and second years the retiring Members of the Committee shall be selected by lot.

8.—The Secretary and Treasurer shall be annually elected by a General Meeting.

9.—The Minutes of the last preceding Meeting shall be read at the commencement of, and be approved and confirmed by, the next subsequent similar Meeting. The Chairman shall have a casting vote in addition to his own. Notice of Meeting shall be sent to each Member at least seven days previous to the date fixed for such Meeting to take place, and with the notice shall be stated a list of the business to be transacted.

10.—The question of giving Prizes or Cups at Shows shall be decided by the committee, who shall stipulate that the show be held under the Rules of The Kennel Club, and shall satisfy themselves as to the Classes and Prizes, as well as to the efficiency of the Judge. The Committee shall place in the hands of the Secretary, and shall from time to time revise, a list of such judges as it approves.

11.—All expenses incurred by the Secretary and Treasurer, for or on behalf of the Club, shall be defrayed out of the funds of the Club. An Annual Report, together with the Rules, the names of Members, of the Committee, and of the Secretary and Treasurer, and the General Abstract of Accounts (duly audited by two

Members), shall be printed and supplied to each Member, not later than 31st January.

12.—The undermentioned Challenge Cups shall be offered for competition not less than twice nor oftener than four times each year. They shall be perpetual Challenge Cups, and the Club's Medal shall be given with each of the Challenge Cups every time they are offered for competition.

I.—Grand Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas for smooth-haired fox terriers.
II.—Grand Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, for wire-haired fox terriers.

13.—The Club shall, at each Summer Show of The Kennel Club, give four Cups, to be competed for by puppies born during the previous calendar year (thus the puppies competing in 1884 shall have been born in 1883), bred by Members of the Club, and exhibited by their breeders:—

The Cups shall be—
I.—For the best smooth-haired dog puppy.
II.—For the best smooth-haired bitch puppy.
III.—For the best wire-haired dog puppy.
IV.—For the best wire-haired bitch puppy.

14.—Although the Club will not necessarily withhold its support from Shows at which there is competition between smooth-haired and wire-haired fox terriers, the abolition of such competition is recommended whenever practicable.

15.—Any Member can withdraw from the Club on giving notice to the Secretary (such Member retiring to have no claim whatever on the Club), provided always that such Member shall be liable for his Subscription for the current year in which he gives such notice.

Some time ago a committee of "scrutiny" or inspection was appointed, the duty of which was to examine and investigate any case where a charge of "trimming" a

wire-haired terrier had been made. The resolution bearing on the question and adopted was as follows:

> That a committee be appointed to act as scrutineers, and report any cases of tampering with the coats of wire-haired fox terriers. Tampering is defined—"singeing, clipping, plucking, cutting, shaving, and breaking hair which is not ripe to come out." The sub-committee to be Messrs. A. H. Clarke, C. H. Clarke, A. Maxwell, G. Raper, F. H. Field, and R. Vicary.

In addition to what may be called the "parent" club, there are, in various parts of the country, a number of other clubs similarly devoted to the advancement and improvement of this the most popular of all terriers. Some of these minor clubs either still hold or have already held shows of their own, and the particulars as to their names, as to membership, and to other matters are as follows:—

DARLINGTON (established 1882).—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* Secretary, Mr. J. Martin, 24, Wycombe-street, Darlington.

FYLDE (established 1882).—Entry fee, two guineas; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. J. J. Stott, Barton House, Manchester.

IRISH (established 1880).—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* Secretary, Mr. W. L. Carson, 179, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin.

LONDON (established 1887).—No entry fee, annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* Secretary, Mr. T. H. Harrison, 34, Buckland-road, Leyton.

ISLE OF WIGHT AND NEW FOREST (established 1884.—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* Secretary, Mr. V. B. Johnstone, The Elms, Wergs, Wolverhampton.

MIDLAND (established 1886).—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. R. Carpenter, King's Heath, Birmingham. (This club includes colleys.)

SCOTTISH (established 1886).—No entry fee, annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. Norman McWatt, Alloa.

SHEFFIELD AND HALLAMSHIRE (established 1885).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, 10*s.* 6*d.* Secretary, Mr. G. Raper, Wincobank, Sheffield.

SHROPSHIRE (established 1885).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. F. H. Potts, Broseley Hall, Salop.

SOUTHDOWN (established 1878).—Entry fee, 10*s.* 6*d.*; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. A. W. A. Taylor, 15, Clifton-street, Brighton.

YORK (established 188).—Entry fee, one guinea; annual subscription, one guinea. Secretary, Mr. H. W. Alderson, The Rock, Beckett-street, Leeds.

INDEX.

A.

Abbott, Mr. C. T. ... ... *page* 52
Adams, Mr. Harry 36
Addenda 156
Adderley, Mr. 57
A Narrow Escape 91
Ajax 129
Albrighton, The 41, 113
Allison, Mr. William 52, 66
Archer, Mr. C. G. 123
Archer, Mr. W. 59
Areca Nut 144
Arkwright, Colonel 33
Arkwright, Mr. W. 82
Arrowsmith, Mr. J. 52, 67
Artful Joe 102
Ashton, Mr. Arthur 83
Astbury, Mr. F. J. 60
Astley, Mr. L. C. P. 83
Atherton, The 41
Aveland, Lord 72
Avenger 113
Aylesbury, Mr. H. A. W. 134

B.

Badger (Mr. Whitton's) ... ...*page* 37
Badger or Greye 5, 10
Badminton, The 45
Badsworth, The... ... 38
Balance 127
Barton Marvel 133
Bassett, Mr. T. 53, 54, 83
Bayley, Mr. Harvey 27, 33
Beagle Cross 22
Beaufort, the Duke of ... 40, 89
Beckford 14
Beers, George and Frank... 40
Beggarman... 71
Belgrave Joe ... 56, 59, 72, 73, 74
Belgravians, The ... 102
Bellona 49, 56
Belmont, Mr. Augustus ... 83
Belvoir, The ... 41, 72, 73, 92
Belvoir Venom ... 73
Benson, Mr. John ... 47
Bentinck, Lord Henry ... 40
Berkeley, The Old ... 40, 46
Berners, Dame Juliana ... 3, 108
Bessie... ... 65, 78
Bewley and Carson ... 59
Bingley's Quadrupeds ... 16
Binney, Mr. Leon ... 59
Birch 127
Birmingham Shows ... 26, 27, 35, 36, 53, 113
Bitters... ... 52, 77
Blaine's "Rural Sports" ... 4, 20, 21
Blome... ... 7
Bloom ... 64
Boaster ... 98, 102
"Boke of St. Alban's" ... 3, 9
"Book of the Dog"... 12, 71

Booth, Mr. George ... ...*page* 36
Bradbury, Mr. A. 60
Bramble 126
Branson, John 72, 73
Briggs... 128
Bright, Mr. Herbert 83
Brittle... ... ... 127, 133, 134
Brockenhurst Joe 80
Brockenhurst Rally 68, 91, 135
Brockenhurst Sting 80
Brockenhurst Terriers, The 57
Brocklesbury, The 41
Broome 126
Brown, Professor 147
Buff 69
Buffer... ... ... 62, 77
Buffet... 62
Bulldog Blood 22
Burbidge, Mr. F. 33, 69
Burgess, Mr. C.... 83
Burton, Dick 40
Burton Wildbrier 127
Bundle 127
Bushey Broome... 132

C.

Caius, Dr. 2, 5, 12
Calf, Mr Harry 49
" Caractacus " 76
Carlisle Tack 124, 130
Carlisle Trick 125, 130
Carlisle Tyro 130
Carrick, Mr. W. 124, 130, 135
Castro, Rev. T. W. De 54
Cavendish 133
Cecil 41

Cedric ... ... *page* 78
Chain and Collar, Training to 143
Chance, Old 37, 56, 59
Cheriton, Mr. 39
Chinese, The 2
Chorley, Mr. Richard 83
Chronicle, The Fox Terrier 80, 81
Clarke, Mr. Charles 40
Clarke, The Messrs. 66, 67, 68, 76
Clear, Mr. A. E. 135
Cleveland Laddie 127
Cleveland Society, The 38
Clowes, Colonel 27
Cockayne, Mr. 33
Colmore, Mr. G. H. 135
Coniston, The 47
Cooper, W. 73
Corner, Mr. J. W. 129, 135
Cottingham Nettle 52, 67, 102
"Coursers" in the Ring 105
Coursing Rabbits 103
Cowlister's Dutch 62
Cox, Mr. B. 53
Cox, Mr. Harding 46, 130, 135
Cox, Nicolas 6, 7
Crack 49, 65, 78
Crisp Hair 106
Cropper, Mr. W. 52
Curley Jackets 106
"Cynographia Britannica" 10

D.

Daisy 75
Dale, Mr. J. B. 83
Dalziel, Mr. Hugh 7, 148
Dame, Old 96

Damerell, Mr. A. ... ...*page* 135
Dandie Dinmont 6
Danger of Exaggeration 137
Daniel's Field Sports 9
Daniel's, W. B., Rural Sports... ... ... 15, 17, 105
Darlington Shows 113
Dartmoor Days ... ... 117 to 123
Davenport, Mr. H. J. 30
Deacon Nettle 75
Description, The Fox Terrier Club's 86
Deserter 61
De Wilde 15
Diadem 70
Diamond Dust 70, 75
Dirleton Nettle... 134
Disqualifying Points... 88
Diver 77
Dixon, Mr. Sydenham 37
Dobson, Tommy 46
Dodds, Jack 125
Dodds, Mr M. 125
Dog Judges 25
"Dogs of the British Isles" 57
Dominie 70
Donnington, The 72
Dorcas 56, 58, 69
Douglas, Mr. John 61
Doyle, J. A. 12, 33, 39, 71
Drawing a Badger 97
Dusky Spice 70
Dusky Trap 70

E.

Ear Canker 146
Early Classes for Wire-hairs 113
Earp, Mr. Russell 55

Edwards, Sydenham ... ...*page* 10
Elmer, S. 15
Ely, Dean of 5
"Englishe Dogges," A Treatise on 5
Epsom Salts 145
Eskdale Tzar 129

F.

"Faking" 151
Fan 51, 67
Farquharsons, The 40
Feeding Puppies 141
Fellowes, Mr. F. W. 135
Fell's Spot 63
Ffrance, Mr. 39
Field, Mr. F. H. 128
Field, The 41, 43, 112, 135
Filbert 134
Fisher, The Rev. C. T. 81, 82
Fitzwilliam, The Hon. T. W. 36, 41
Fletcher, Mr. James 61
Foiler (Smooth) 53, 57, 64, 98
Foiler (Wire-haired) 134
Foxhunte, William de 13
Foster Mother, A 148
Fox Terrier, The, 1806 15
Fox Terrier Club 86, 153
,, Scale of Points 89
,, Officers and Rules 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161
Fox Terrier Minor Clubs 161, 162
Frantic 67
Frazer, Captain 83
Fuss (Russell's) 125
Fussey 49
Fylde Show, The 72

G.

Gadfly ... ... *page* 51, 64
Game Bitch, A 39
Gamon, Mr. 37, 59
Gedling, Tidy 92
Gem 50
General 77
"Gentleman's Recreation, The" 6
Gibson, Mr. Henry 50, 52, 56, 57, 69
" His Terriers and Strains 57
Gorse, Mr. J. D. 38
Graham, Mr. Donald 126, 135
Gripper 63, 65, 70
Grouse II. 70
Grove Blood 58
Grove Crab 52
Grove Ella 65
Grove Hounds, The 35
Grove Nettle 24, 35, 52, 56, 60, 98
Grove Pepper 30
Grove Tartar 35
Gulliver 102

H.

Hamilton, Painter 12
Handley, Mr. S. 61
Handy, Captain 45
Hargreaves, Mr. A. 83
Hazlehurst, Dr. 60
Hazlerigg, Mr. M. 135
Helliwell, Mr. George 61
Hermit 132
Hill and Ashton, Messrs. 82
Hill, Lord 39
Hill, Professor Woodruffe 148

Hitchcock, Mr. ... ...*page* 33
Hogg, Mr. Lindsay 127, 135
Holmes, Mr. John 51
Hopkins, Mr. German 83
Hopkinson, Mr T. 83
Hornet 51, 60
Howitt's Etchings 16
Hulse, Mr. W. 83
Hunton Baron 33
Hunton Prince 70
Huntsman's Opinion, A 101
Hyde, Mr. J. 62
Hyssop 69

I.

"Idstone" 43, 44
Illegal Practices 55
Imbecile Dogs 155
In Society 29
Islington, 1862 27
Isted, Mr. 33

J.

Jack 27
Jack Frost 133
Jack St. Leger 132
Jack's Yarn 133
Jacobs's "The Compleate Sportsman"... 9
James I. 13
Jess... ... ... 68, 135
Jester II. 67, 77
Jester (Smooth) 52, 67
Jester (Wire-haired)... ... ... 116, 125, 126, 133
Jock and Tartar Compared 31, 32
Jock, Denton's 52

Jock II. ... ... *page* 37, 64
Jock, Old 24, 27, 29, 31, 34, 56, 98
Johnson, Master 129
Jones, Mr. H. 132

K.

"Kennel Club Stud Book" 30, 36, 56, 66, 140
Khan, The Grand 2
Knavesmire Jest 132

L.

Lacy, Mr. Henry 126
Lady Grace 75
Lady Hazel 134
Lamb and James I. 14
Lancer 96, 97
Large Classes 53
Lascelles, The Hon. Gerald 83
Laycock's Dairy Yard, Show in 60
Leeds 26
Legard, Rev. Cecil 71
Liffey I. 133
Lill Foiler 125
Lille 51
Limbo 102
Lisle, Lady De 52
Little Jem 61
Littleworth, Charles 101
Lloyd-Edwards, Mr. 36
Long, Will... 45
Lonsdale, Lord 46, 128, 135
Lord Edward 134
Lucifer-as-in-Præsenti 36, 82
Luck in Breeding 150
Lyndhurst Vixen 70
Lynx 129

M.

Mabel ... ... *page* 65
Mac 59
Mac II. 50, 65
Mancheste 26
Manchester Free Trade Hall 61
Mange 145
Mann, Mr. W. R. 132
Marco Polo 2
Markham, Gervaise 6
Mawes, Mrs. 27
Maxwell, Mr. Arthur 108, 125, 131, 135
May 52
Mayhew, Mr. R. F. 127, 135
Mayhew on Dog Diseases 148
Measurements of Terriers 76, 77
Medicine 142
Merry, Mr. W. 35
Middleton, Lord 40
Mischief 128
Miss Miggs 128
Miss Tailor 133
Monson, Mr. J. G. 83
Monteith, Earl of 12
Moore, Mr. (Apperly Hall) 72
Morgan, Jack 30
Moss 98
Moss (huntsman to Lord Portsmouth) 129
Murchison, Mr. J. H. 35, 41, 56
Mustard 102
Musters, Mr. H. C. 98
Myrtle 50
"M., W. J." 43

N.

Nellie (Lee's) 65
Nellie II. (Wire-haired) 127

Nellie III. (Wire-haired) ... ...*page* 127
Nettle (Branson's) 98
New Forest Ethel 70
New York 111
Nimrod 63, 70
North Star 130
Nottingham 37, 53
Notts, The South, Hounds 92
Nugget 64
Nutt, Mr. G. 134

O.

Oakleigh Hornet 132
Oakleigh Topper 127
Oakley, The 33
O'Grady, The late Rev. T. 33, 48, 64
Olive (Murchison's) 56
Olive 65
Openshaw, Captain 83
Original Terrier, The 23
Otters 11, 90
Otter Hounds (Kendal) 108, 112
Otter Hounds (Carlisle) 134
Owens, Mr. S. 53

P.

Pace of a Terrier 105
Partney Puzzle 75
Patch (Hazlehurst's) 68
Patch (Procter's) 50
Patch (Wire-haired) 125
Pearl 97
Peggotty 75
Peterborough Hound Show 46

Pickering Nailer ... ...*page* 114, 132
Pickle... 74
Pickle II. 70, 74
Pim, The Messrs 83, 135
Pincers 56, 82
Pincher (Smooth) 86
Pincher (Wire-haired) 125, 126
Pincher (Terry's) 127
Points of Wire-haired Terriers... 136
Polecat 11
Poole, Mr. Domville... 39
Powder Blue, An Overdose of 156
Procter, Mr. George 56
Pulborough Jumbo 134
Pytchley, The 46

Q.

Quality 99
Quantock Nettle 134
Quiz 59
Quorn, The 30

R.

Rabies, A Simple Case 147
Rabbit Coursing 103
Rachel 69
Racket II. 135
Radcliffe, Mr W. 124
Radiance 69
Raffle 69
Ragman 51, 108
Raii 10
Raillery 69
Raper, Mr. G. 71

Rattler ... ...*page* 31, 61, 77, 82
Rawlinson, Mr. S. 125
Rearing Puppies 139
Rebel 61
Recherché 69
Reckon 69
Redmond, Mr. F. 61, 70
Reed, John 63
Reid, Mr. Percy... 135
Reinagle 19
Remus 97
Renard 56
Result... ... ... 68, 69, 75, 78, 85, 135
Retrieving a Pheasant 93
Richardson, Mr. G. F. 126
Richmond Jack 72, 82
Richmond Liqueur 72, 82
Richmond Nettle 69
Richmond Olive 70
Rickaby, Mr. M. 135
Riot 64, 65, 91
Rival 48, 68
Rivet 64
"Robin Hood"... 110
Roysterer 135
Rufford, The 27, 39
Runner, A 45
"Rural Sports" (Daniel's) 19
"Rural Sports" (Walsh's) 20
Russell, Rev. J. ... 37, 39, 108, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123
Rutland's, The Duke of 41

S.

Sagax 6
Sales, Mr. F. 50
Sally 65, 78

Sam ... ... *page* 37, 51, 98
Sam Weller 130
Sandell, Mr. Edward 76, 78
Sarcogen 77
Sarsfield, Mr. 49
Satire 52
Saxon 77
Saxons Bolting a Fox 4
Scamp 77
Scott, Mr. J. F. 83
Scott, Mr. T. 66
Scrutiny, A Committee of 160
Shepherd, Mr. J. 51, 62
Sherborne Hound Show 129
Shirley, Mr. S. E. 135
Shovel 70
Shows, Advantages of Dog 153
Smith, The Rev. O. 74
Smith, Mr. S. W. 34, 56
Snap 54
Sopewell, Abbess of 3
Southwell, Mr. E. M. 70
Spice 31, 69, 71
"Sporting Dictionary" 14
"Sportsman's Cabinet, The" 19
"Sportsman's Repository" 21
Spot 53, 61
Spratt's Patent 148
Spruce 90
Statter, Mr. G. F. 49
Stevenson, Mr. J. (Chester) 38
Sting, The Rev. W. Handley's 35
"Stonehenge" 57
Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes" 4
"Stud Book," The Fox Terrier 73
Style 69
Sudbury 18
Superfœtation 149

Surety ... ... *page* 70
Sutton, Sir Richard 108
Sutton Viola 70
Syrup 69

T.

"Taplin's Sporting Dictionary" 21
Tartar and Jock Compared 31, 32
Tartar, Old 24, 29, 31, 41, 60
Teazle 127
Tees Nap 134
Tees Topper 134
Tennis 108
"Teroures" 3
Terriers, The Best Ten 80, 81
Terry, Mr. Jack 83, 135
Thatch 53
Three Varieties of Fox Terriers 21
Tickham, The 33
Timothy Foiler 130
Tinné, Mr. J. C. 70
Tiny ... ... , 52, 53
Tip (Russell's) 121, 122
Tip (Shirley's) 116, 127
Tip (Trap's sire) 33
Toiler 127
"Tom Firr" 90
Toomer, Mr. F. W. 135
Topper 127
Tory 49
Trafford, Sir Humphrey De 135
Trap, Old 27, 33, 51, 64
" His Description 34
Tricksey 56
Trimmer 27, 37, 48, 49
Trimmer, Grove 61

Trimmer II. ... ...*page* 62
Trimming 151
Trump (Russell's) ... ... 117 to 122
Trumps 39, 60, 98
Trying the Fox 111
Tumbler, The 10
Turco 56
Turk 60
Turk (Colmore's) 127
Turk (Smooth) 112
Turner, Mr. Luke 31, 33, 51, 56, 71
Tyke 37, 53, 57, 60
Tynedale, The 39
Tyrant 36, 51, 52
Tyrant IV. 74

U.

Ulleswater, The 47
Underwood, Mr. 62

V.

Valetta 97
Vanity 52, 56
Varmint 54
Vedette 97
Velasquez 75
Veni 95, 97
Venilia 76
Venio 76
Venom (Smooth) 65
Venom (Wire-haired) 126
Venture 37, 52, 60
Venus 64, 102
Vertagris or Tumbler 10

Vesuvienne ... ...*page* 69, 75, 78, 85
Vexer 50, 52
Vic (Lord Middleton's) 67
Vic (Mr. Warren's) 55
Vic (O'Grady's) 48
Vicary, The Messrs. 69, 76, 78, 85, 95
Vicary, Mr Robert (his opinion) 95, 96
Victor Chief 97, 98, 102
Viking 65
Vine 55
Violet 36
Violet, White 36
Viper 60
Volo 74
Vora 127, 128
Vyner, Mr. 39

W.

Waddington, Mr F. 128
Walker, Mr. John 43, 49
Walsh, Mr. J. H. ("Stonehenge") 20, 26, 37, 38
Walton, Izaak 3
Wardle, Mr. Arthur 59
Warren, Mr. G. H. 55
Washing for Show 150
Weasel 11
Welsh Terrier 15
Wharton, Mr. C. W. 132, 135
Whichcote, Sir Thomas 73
Whiskey 53
White, Capt. 43
White, Mr. 67
White Vic. 72
Whittle, Mr. J. R. 54, 83
Williams, Capt. P. 30, 38
Willie 102

Wire-haired Terriers... ... ...*page* 108
Wood, Mr. A. R. 83
Wood, Mr. Mark 135
Wootton, Mr. T. 27, 29, 34, 36, 38, 67, 108, 135
Worms 144
Wynne, Sir Watkin 39

X.

X. L. 67, 86

Y.

Yorick 77
York Terrier Show 128